November 14, 1980 #147

RAM

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reviews: HENDRIX & THE POLICE

JAGGER TALK.

Ian Dury

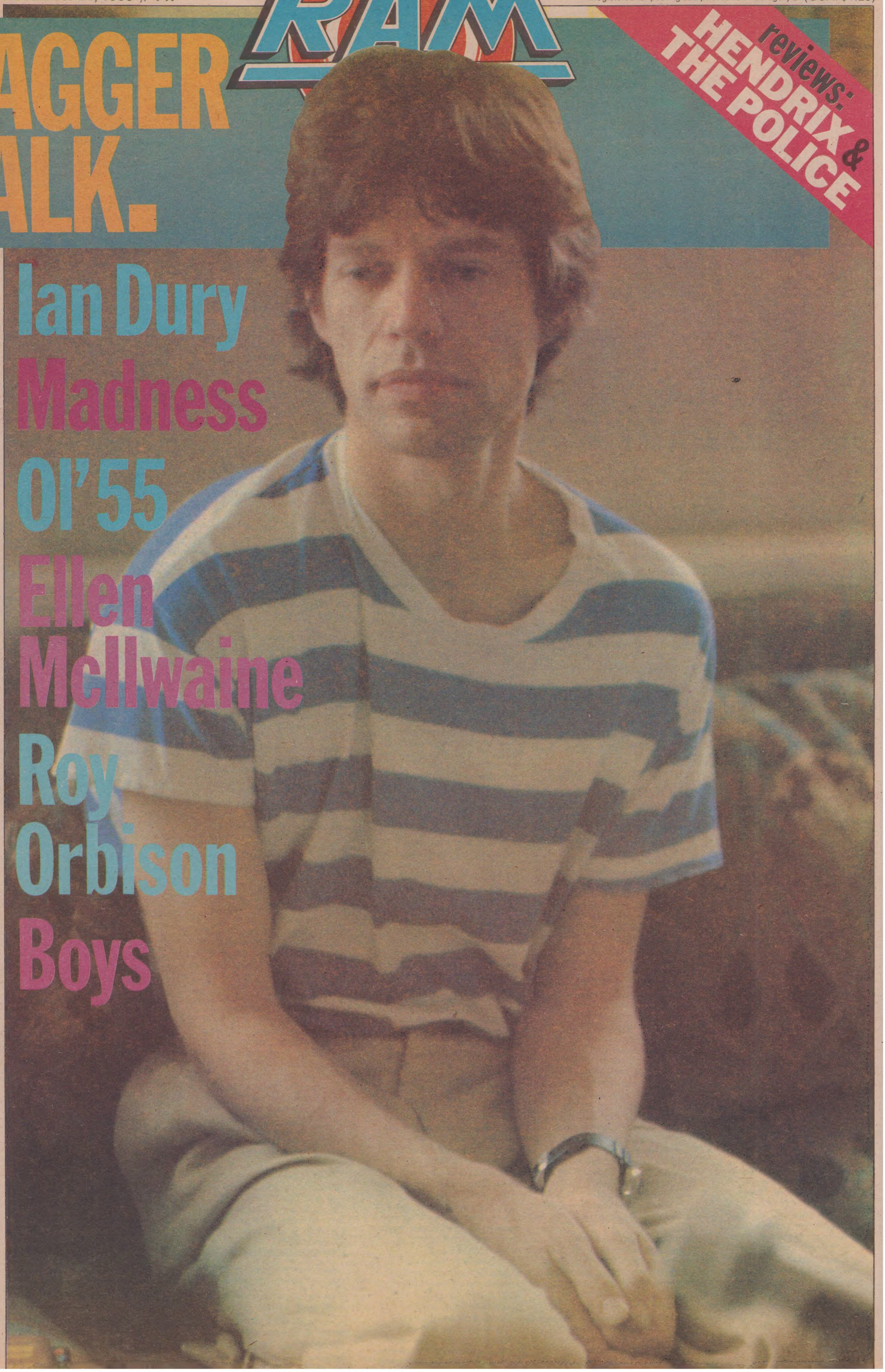
Madness

Ol' 55

Ellen McIlwaine

Roy Orbison

Boys



"I wonder, M'Lord, that you suffer these impudent rascals to publicly proclaim their opinion." The young Crown Prince was travelling incognito, but lowly garb did little to disguise his regal arrogance. His companion, an older man well versed in the power struggles that threatened the Duchy, sighed. How could he explain to this vicious young puppy that the old ways were changing, that the very existence of his House depended on some accommodation with this new-fangled 'Democracy'.

"Some of these 'Letter Writers' are respectable burghers with responsible grievances," he ventured. "Regard, for instance, this page, your Highness..."

COMING ON MENTALS

Dear Reg Mombassa,

Since you seem to have a pretty good relationship with the mothers of the fellow members of Mentals (i.e. worrying about what Wayne De Lisles mother would say if she knew that Mentals fans d---k, m--e l--e and s----d d---s) perhaps you could have a word to old Mrs Plaza. I say 'old' because her eyesight must be failing in not noticing that her son's jeans are g-g-getting (pant) really t-t-tight! Perhaps she hasn't noticed he's grown or something. Like I really can't remember ah-ah-um NOTICING someone's tight jeans and wondering whether he wants them ripped off before they (oh my God!) SPLIT! LIKE THAT WOULD BE S-S-SO BAAAD. Oh sorry, but I feel it's a matter worth raising with his mum - to please her I feel she should be counselled to buy him a new pair of jeans 3 sizes larger. But to please me - I'll rip them off for him any day he requires. So Reg - just do whichever you feel is right - but something must be done soon. Perhaps you could get P.J. Proby's mother to give her some advice on 'jeans - and degrees of tightness'.

Leave it with you mate,
a continually on the brink of orgasm Mentals fan.

DON'T KNOCK NEWCASTLE

I have finally had it to the eyeballs with you biased, misinformed fools. Every second issue continues X number of paragraphs knocking Newcastle. To top it off we learn that Andrew McMillan (RAM 145) has discovered Newcastle sucks. I realise that one must listen even to the dull and ignorant but I cannot accept this unashamed attack on a city which has not only recognised many Oz bands before you Sydney pooftahs, and the rest of the country, but continues to give them their bread and butter.

Sure we've got the B.H.P. but it can't compare to the stench of cremated chicken and rot gut pizza that hangs heavy over Marrickville, Lidcombe, Fairfield, Leichhardt etc, etc.

After 2½ years' readership you've got your last 75 cents out of me.

Proud Son of the Star.

McMillan doesn't put down Newcastle's musical taste - he's talking about the depressing physical environment, which as you point out, is far from unique.

SPORTS - NOTHING SHORT OF FAB!

I also read the Sports story, ish 143, and I'm not sure which lines you were reading between, but they were different from the ones I read. Sure, The Sports don't seem 100% on audience response, but 79 was a very unstable period for the band - with numerous line-up changes. "Sports sounded really great live in '79" - that's questionable. You talked about it all being a matter of taste - well, I've been a fan for a while and presently the band are at an all time live playing peak. I have never seen them more vital and animated on stage. Cummings is talkative, and the great melodies of Andrew Pendlebury's and Martin Armiger's guitars combined with the powerful rhythms of Robert Glover's bass and Freddie Strauks' drums work brilliantly live (and hopefully soon on vinyl). You remarked that they should replace Jim Niven with an equally good pianist - well I'll tell you, I don't think there is one. But Sports style has outgrown any need for keyboards & Jimmy's playing towards the end wasn't highlighted by the group. Have you seen him in the Humans? It is there that you appreciate his talent again.

The Sports encountered a slump last year with all the line-up mix-up, and it was then I was doubting their future. But with the intro of Freddie, they've come back doubly as strong and as soon as they regain lost audience (which will be very soon the way they're playing), their force in the world rock scene will be one to be seriously reckoned with. The Sports are one of the best pop/rock bands in the world today. They have a diverse range of songs (particularly the new ones), and musically they are strong and nothing short of a fab group.

Non-Carlton Rock Fan

IS THERE AN H.M. REVIEWER IN THE HOUSE?

Have just read the Heavy Metal Review by Mr Alan Jones and his sidekick Adrian Boot in RAM No. 145.

I have this to say. I am by no means a 'Heavy Metal' freak, but I do respect people's musical taste. Thus, I can understand how 'Heavy Metal Fans' could kill this moron Alan Jones.

Mr Alan Jones' escapades with Black Sabbath's Tony Iommi, are well remembered, and after reading this debacle of an article, I can understand that Alan Jones is quite clearly anti 'Heavy Metal'. Whether it was because of Tony Iommi's well placed and deserved punch or not is insignificant, he hates 'Heavy Metal'.

So my question is, why send Alan Jones and his moronic sidekick along to review a 'Heavy Metal' concert and return a completely biased account of the event? Surely it would be in the better interest of journalism to send a reviewer who will give an honest account of what really happened!

Signed: Music Freak!

Unfortunately most H.M. fans who send in reviews and letters (1) spend most of their time slagging other forms of music (2) don't write very interesting or well-researched pieces. We'd like to see some solid work in this area - how about the current RAM Writers Contest?

TRUE MOD CONFESSIONS

About two years ago, as I was running around like lots of other people with safety pins, torn shirts, filthy jackets, etc., I met an unusual character.

His name was Peter and he was playing bass with a band called the Inmates, but what was unusual about him was his clothes.

I had never seen anyone in checked drainpipe pants, cherry red Doctor Martins, a three button coat with side vents, and such an incredibly skinny tie, and I thought 'What sort of fashion is this?'

After seeing him on several occasions I was told that this was a fashion called 'Mod'. I was soon a convert, and I realise why.

To be a Mod is to be clean and have fun, to wear pressed coats, and ironed shirts and clean socks.

To be a punk is to be nasty, generally aggressive and obnoxious, to upset other people having a good time, to wear ripped shirts and pants, safety pins, chains, and all kinds of assorted shit.

After being a mod for 2 years, now, it seems mods are under fire for doing what they do. 'Jumping on the bandwagon', so they say. Crap. So did the Punks in '76! Mods like to dance and have fun. Punks shit on, and destroy everything.

Craig Bloxom

Civilisation as function of clean socks - yea!

BRISBANE DISPATCH DOUBTS

Ah yes, there you have it folks - yes, you the rest of Australia have been told to believe it's true: the story called Brisbane Dispatches (No. 145) - you've got it all there in black and white. Clinton Walker must be really good friends with a certain agent (or vice versa) to actually have had printed such a one-eyed view of the Brisbane music scene particularly in relation to the bands mentioned. And yes, I am a member of the Brisbane band Freefall and whether I like it or not, I will be accused of sour grapes and doubt whether this will be published.

What angers me is that Clinton Walker has given the whole of Australia a very slanted view of the rock and roll (music) scene in Brisbane. It is painfully obvious that his information has been gathered from sources that are as biased as John Hein's would have been 5-6 years ago. The bands mentioned in the article are, in my opinion, worthy of note as they do make up an important part of the scene but the audiences they command do not signify they are a major force.

Bands such as Mister Meaner who are only casually mentioned and whose music I personally do NOT like, command audiences that outnumber followers of the other mentioned bands collectively. There are at least ten other bands in Brisbane who would be more popular or better known and who play original music that is enjoyed by a greater majority of people and that is what I thought rock and roll was all about - people and their enjoyment.

John O'Dwyer

That's just the 1st Brisbane Despatch - how can one hope to cover the multitude of talent from such a happening metropolis in one story!

DUGITE DERIVATIONS

I had just pulled my head out of the preverbial sand, after *living* on the Clash, SLF, Stranglers etc., for some years, when I began to take interest in the 'healthy' local industry. Can you imagine my shock and undefinable horror when, on Molly's comedy hour (Fester Fumbles) I saw the Dugites doing a *new* song, *Goodbye* - they were acting allsick and happy and doing a *blatant, exact ripoff* of one of my big brother's old Spectorish singles, *Navy Blue*, vocals by Diane Renay. The choruses match, word for word, note for note. Yey! Pop music!

Mr Dugite songwriter - is there any explanation.

Leonie Stevens

Mr. Dugite Songwriter, Peter Crosbie, replies: Well, thank God someone has finally picked up on our little joke. It makes me wonder how many people really do remember the sixties; I thought that most people would have easily picked up the quotation of the line in question in Goodbye *... not so. You see, after* Goodbye *had been written I noticed (like you) the similarities in melody and style (though not harmony and arrangement) with* Navy Blue, *and added that line as a tongue-in-cheek reference to the original. The Clash mightn't do it - but we did. Vive la difference!!*

RANCID VIRGINS YET AGAIN

Until a few weeks ago I was convinced that the legendary "Rev. John Heinous and the Rancid Virgins" were a unique, imaginary gimmick thought up by RAM for their readers. But now I realise that they are in fact a reality! They do exist, but not in this country - I have received a letter from an old friend in England who raved on and on about a group known as "The Rancid Virgins", and when he said that they were Australian I knew they were the same group.

What happened to the Rancid Virgins? Were they banned from Australia or did they just see better days overseas like other popular groups such as AC/DC, The Saints, Helen Reddy, The Bee Gees, Air Supply, Olivia Newton John and more?

A lover of music.

Our investigators into the Heinous Affair have come to a standstill: current theological opinion is that if J.H. & Co don't exist then someone would have to invent them...

RECORD QUALITY - FROM THE FACTORY FLOOR

I work as a record press operator (Festival Records), and I also think the quality of a lot of albums is shit, but as to being totally the fault of the presser that is not only ridiculous, it is also illogical to assume such a thing. The process of manufacturing a record is very intricate, and the presser is only one part of perhaps seven parts in the chain - after we make them - (incidentally our factory is not exactly pristine and spotless), the records are placed, uncovered on a spindle where metal plates are placed on them (to prevent warping - not necessarily effective), they are then handled by tired packing hands where they are also inspected - here is where perhaps 60% of the trouble is, as they are usually packed very quickly (possibly forcing dust in the grooves causing 'pops').

Anyway enough - I *am* in total agreement with Powell's anger and only by complaining to management to reduce prices can you or I win (could RAM run a special on record pressing?).

Signed 'X'.

SKINNY RAMS?

What's going on - RAM seems to be losing more weight each time. It used to be packed with fascinating goodies but these days I read it all in ten minutes, is this the non-rating period or something. Last ish (145) REALLY takes the cake: yet MORE on the Angels, who I see everytime I turn on the TV, and more tales of the Heavy Metal regurgitations. Then, do my eyes deceive me or is that really an article on the beautiful blow waved Johnny Farnham - that's scraping the barrel a bit isn't it? Do you think anyone who reads RAM really wants to know about him. We read RAM to get away from all that sort of shit. Next thing you know we'll be getting articles on the deep philosophical and moral implications of Xanadu.

In the H.M. and Farnham articles you'll find as much criticism as approval - maybe you finish the mag in 10 minutes because you don't bother to read parts of it. We try not to be biased in choice of subjects - can you say the same?

CRAZY 'BOUT KAMAHL

Up here in Beenleigh, there are a lot of KAMAHL fans, and we would like it very much if you printed an article on him. Think of all the good KAMAHL has done for Australians. He has given a lot of his money to charity, and has done one hell of a lot of charity performances for FREE. We feel that KAMAHL doesn't have the support he fully deserves and we intend to change that. A KAMAHL fan club has been set up in Beenleigh, and anyone interested in joining should send a stamped, self addressed envelope to: KAMAHL FAN CLUB, C/- Michael Whales (Chairman), 18 Cooran Street, Beenleigh, 4207.

Yours sincerely,
Michael Whales,
Michelle Castle,
Clifford Gelling.

On the other hand, how unbiased can we be...

RANDOM NOTES

My observations over the last two years:-

1. As bands become well known, they become less sociable.
2. Turn the volume down please, I'm going deaf.
3. I now get squashed when I go to see Flowers.

Anon.

"Bah! I would pillory the lot of them: how dare they question Official Pronouncements, the originality of Sacred Verses, the size of Sheep...? And what is this... this rabble approaching us with such scurvy glances?"

"That, your Highness, is known as an Engraged Mob. It would seem that your Highness has been overheard, perhaps even recognised - do me the honour of proceeding down this dark alley with the utmost dispatch..."

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DIRT

Is this what you have nightmares of, Ray? (Pic: Gary Fletcher)

ANGELS KICKED OFF KINKS TOUR

Four dates before the end of the American Kinks tour The Angels support slot was abruptly terminated. No reason was given - The Kinks' manager Eliot Abbot's response to queries from The Angels was "I am not at liberty to tell you" - but as Ray Hearn of Dirty Pool said: "There's only one reason, if you've been doing your job satisfactorily, you get bumped off a tour..."

In other words, the support band was blowing the headliner away. The early dates, in areas The Angels hadn't visited on their first tour, went smoothly, but in Vancouver a crowd of 15,000 gave them "an ecstatic reception, lighters and matches in the air and all that bit", and Seattle and Portland were similar.

By San Francisco Doc's forays into the crowd were prohibited by the tour management, and the lighting available was severely reduced. Nevertheless, San Francisco and LA went strongly; so by San Diego the sound system was cut back. Then the axe fell.

Though The Angels were disappointed to miss out on the important Philadelphia and New York gigs, the industry feeling in America is that the incident won't do them any harm when they return from Europe to headline their own tour - even though The Kinks probably won't accept a warmup spot...

"You can come backstage if you let me off..." (Pic: Paul Cox/LFI)

During her recent court case in Memphis, USA, in which she was fined for kicking in a police car window, Pretender **Chrissie Hynde** was more than a little startled when, in midtrial and in front of the judge, the prosecuting attorney turned to her and said: "I'm so sorry I missed your gig last night. I caught you last time you were in town. I really like the group." No word yet on what the judge thought.

UNEMPLOYED? WANT TO EARN $1,000? LIVE IN NSW?

In an imaginative move, the NSW Youth Counselling Service is offering a $500 prize for a 30 second radio jingle and $500 for a poster design showing what it feels like to be young and unemployed. These will then be used in an advertising campaign early next year.

COMPETITION RULES

JINGLE

25 secs words and music sent on a cassette - words also written out.

POSTER

60cm x 45cm or less - no more than 3 colours (inc. black) on white.

PLEASE LABEL ALL ENTRIES SHOWING NAME AND ADDRESS

1. **Open to those unemployed or not engaged full-time in work or study.**
2. **Decisions of judges will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.**
3. **All entries become the property of V.G.S. and while prizes will be awarded, V.G.S. is not bound to use any of the entries.**
4. **Winners will be notified by mail and announced in the Sydney Morning Herald during November, 1980.**

Send your entries to:
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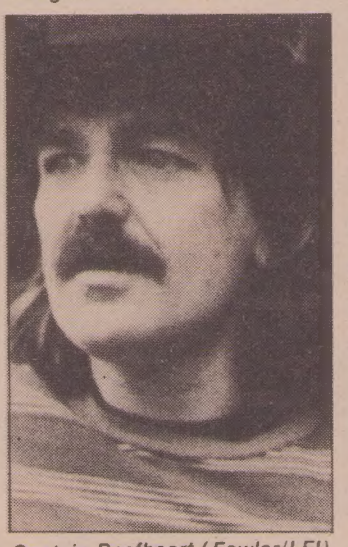

Captain Beefheart (Fowler/LFI)

Departure times... **Foreigner** is down to four pieces with the departure of founder members Al Greenwood and Ian McDonald. **Uriah Heep** have recruited Canadian keyboard player Gregg Dechert to replace Ken Hensley who left the band last month. And **Captain Beefheart** has taken on a new Magic Band member for his upcoming European tour. The guitarist goes by the typical Beefheartian name of Brave Neitherhead Neitherhead Noodlehead Schneider. "He's part Sioux Indian, part German," crowed Beefheart. "He's been listening to me since he was 11 and he can play all of *Trout Mask Replica* as well as *Lick My Decals Off, Baby.*" How could he refuse him?

San Francisco cult avant garde band **The Residents** have doggedly resisted all media attempts to investigate their personnel, and despite seven albums remain something of a mystery. But that doesn't mean they don't think 'commercial' - why, that's even the title of their latest LP, which Missing Link are about to release in Australia. There's got to be a hit in there somewhere: the album contains *forty* one minute tracks.

After firing **Robert Stigwood** as their manager recently the **Bee Gees** have filed a 75 million dollar law suit against Stigwood, charging him with fraud, conflict of interest and unfair enrichment at their expense. (Managers are essentially nice people ...) Just for good measure The Gibbs are also seeking another 75 million dollars from Polygram group, which distributes the Bee Gees label RSO, and a mere 50 million dollars in punitive damages.

John Lennon turned 40 earlier this month. His loving wife decided not to send a card. Instead Yoko hired a skywriting plane to scrawl this message over the New York skies on the big day: "Happy Birthday John and Sean. Love Yoko." (Son Sean turned five.) Now isn't that touching?

"Country jazz? I can dig it" (Pic: Gary Merrin)

Blondie's long awaited new album is at last due for release. The official title is *Auto American* and it should be out in late November. The LP is likely to raise a few eyebrows, as it is rumoured to mark a considerable departure from their accepted format, even to the extent of incorporating jazz and country influences.

Is God a Mod? A Musicians Wanted ad in a recent Sydney paper read: 'CHRISTIAN keyboard player wanted for new wave band'. Own transport and Bible essential?

A verdict of accidental death was recorded at the inquest on **John Bonham.** The coroner heard that Bonham had been drinking vodka all day and had three times the legal driving limit of alcohol in the blood when he was found dead in bed at Jimmy Page's house. The saddest comment came from Page's personal assistant. Asked if Bonham had been drunk the night before, he replied: "He was still coherent but it was hard to tell with John. He could always take his drink and it was hard to tell whether he was drunk or not. He could hold it."

Now who's clowning who... **David Bowie,** currently treading the boards on Broadway in *The Elephant Man,* is reported to have a new romantic attachment. The lady in question is Lady Oona Chaplin, 54, widow of Sir Charles Chaplin. They met in Switzerland where they both have lake-front mansions. Lady Chaplin, said to be worth $50 million courtesy of Charlie, says she likes Bowie "very, very much indeed." She even flew to New York to be with him for the play's opening night.

At last...

Bruce Springsteen~The River, his brand new album. Available now!

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DIRT

WINNERS - IN X S COMPETITION

Michael, Kirk, Andrew, Johnny, Tim and Gary say:
"After reading the letters posted for the IN X S Excessive Competition we were delighted/shocked by some of the rude, uncouth photos and slanderous, depressing comments. Incidentally, we don't knight, crown or honour, nude wrestling champions, especially in Australia. Thankyou to all those who spent sleepless nights under the bedclothes with little Timmy's typewriter; selecting the ten most fascinating was really hard, but here they are - hope you enjoy the album."
John Freckleton, T. Smith, Helen Duffield, Max Plank, Cheryl Collier, Sean Bizkwell, Melinda Francis, I. Lohr, A. Morris, Sarah Pritchard.

Flowers' debut album *Icehouse* has proved very popular. It opened at No 4 on one Sydney radio station chart and at No 11 on a Melbourne chart. Competition is obviously fierce out there amongst the retailers to win Regular Records prize to the most successful of freezing their body when Thy Maker calls...

The Reels have just finished recording their Christmas EP to be released early November. The platter marks a departure for them by being all (bar one) unoriginal material. Some of their old faves included in the five track are Jim Reeves' C&W classic *According To My Heart*, the Box Tops' *Neon Rainbow* and the old ska hit *You Got Soul*.

Everyone wants to be in the movies: **Joni Mitchell** is getting into the act with a special appearance in a film called *Love* by Swedish director Mai Zetterling. Word has it that she somehow manages to play the part of a black man, in a segment where she changes both sex and colour.

Frontier Tours will be bringing **The Police** in for their second Oz tour, commencing February 12. There's a rumour that **UB40** may also be on the bill.

Oz expatriates **The Birthday Party**, whom Melbournians will remember as **The Boys Next Door**, are to return in late November for three months of touring and recording.

The Kinks' leader **Ray Davies** was arrested in America recently. Held in police custody for several hours, he was accused of hiring limousines, borrowing money and checking in and out of hotels - all without paying! It transpired after a few hours that an imposter, bearing a striking resemblance to Davies had been living it high under Ray's name.

The Penguin Dictionary of Modern Quotations has at last decided to include the verbal gems of rock musicians. inclusions are **Pete Townshend's** *'I hope I die before I get old.'* and **Kris Kristofferson's** *'Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose.'* **Neil Diamond** makes it with the poetic *'Be as a page that aches for a word, which speaks on a theme that is timeless.'* Which only begs the question of why Root Boy Slim and the Sex Change Band's *'Boogie 'til you puke!'* wasn't included?

The Reel Dave (C. Croll)

The Flower Davies (Bob King)

international tourists

Elton John
Nov 30. Hordern Pavilion
Dec 1. Hordern Pavilion

Black Sabbath
24 Capitol Theatre, Sydney
27 Civic Theatre, Newcastle
29 Festival Hall, Brisbane
December
1 Apollo Stadium, Adelaide
3 Palais Theatre, Melbourne

Roberta Flack
December
1-6 Hilton International, Sydney
13 Perth Entertainment Centre
17-20 Hilton International, Melbourne

Tourists
6-9 Perth
11-16 Melbourne
18 Canberra
19 Newcastle
20-23 Brisbane
25-Dec 1 Sydney
2-7 Adelaide

Feelgoods
November
13-16 Perth
17-23 Adelaide
24-30 Melbourne
December
1 Hobart
2 Canberra
3-9 Sydney
10 Newcastle
11-14 Brisbane

Ellen McIlwaine
November
22 Dallas Brooks Hall, Melbourne
23 Ainslie Hotel, Canberra
25 Regent Theatre, Sydney
29 Freemason's Hall, Adelaide
December
1 Mayne Hall, Brisbane

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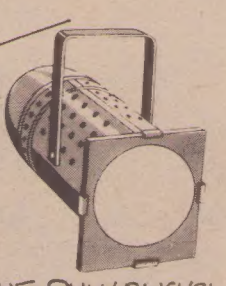

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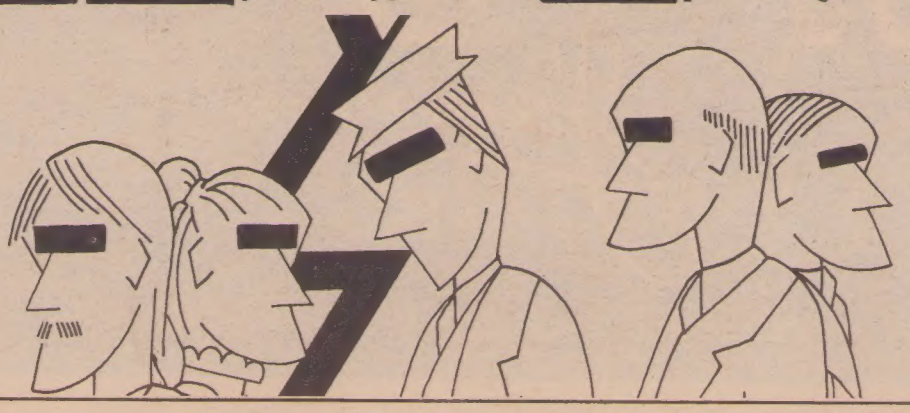

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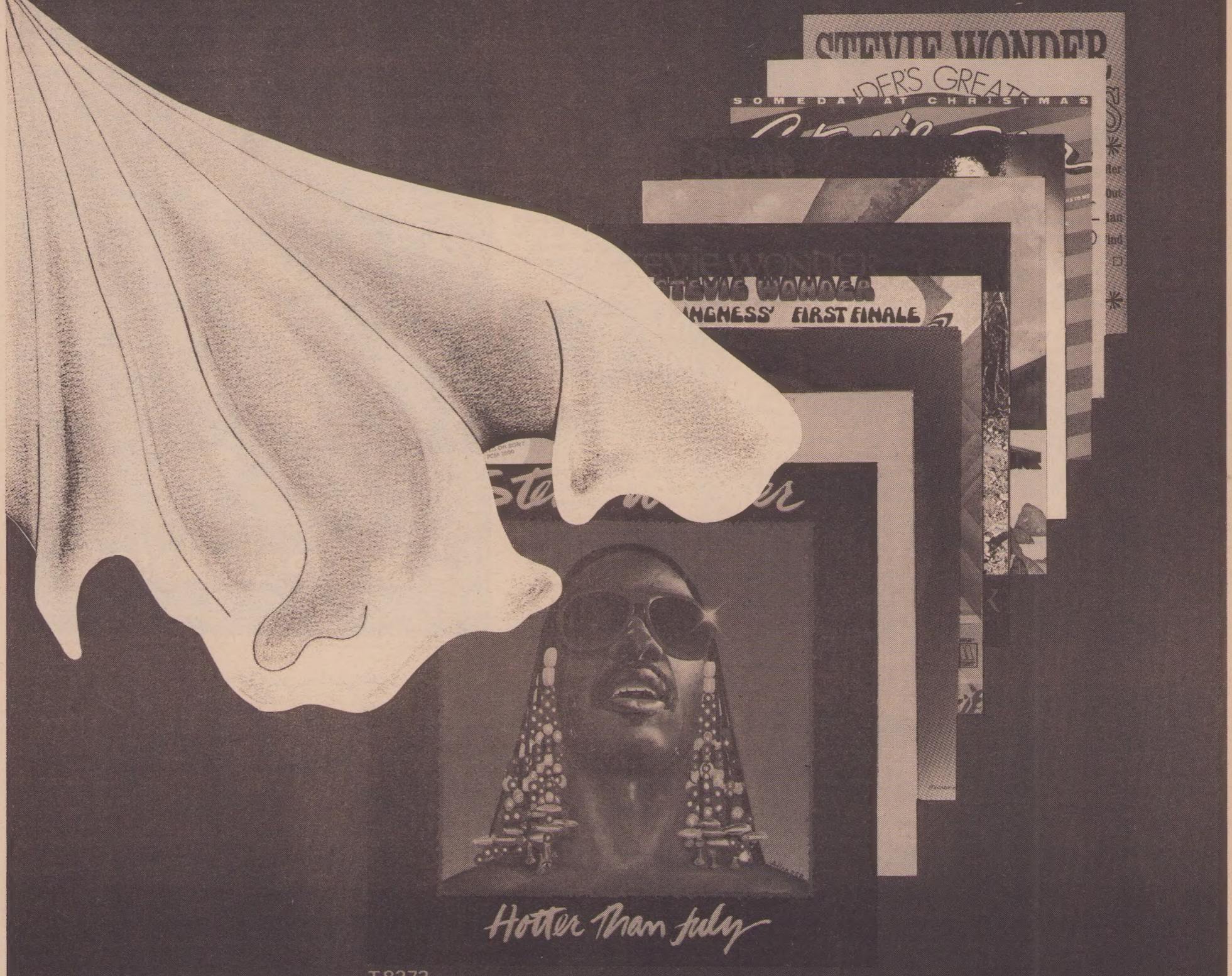

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ASTOR *Taking you thru the 80s*

Give the gift of music.

Ol' 55 arising from the Junkyard of Rock'n'Roll Dreams...

THERE'S MORE LIFE IN OL' 55 THAN PRESLEY NOWADAYS

Out at Horsham, Ol' 55 can usually pack in a good crowd most gigs. But the last trip they broke not only house records but into the hallowed pages of the *Women's Weekly* with a full colour spread on them and their ability to attract a crowd big enough to drink a pub dry. Not bad for a band that's supposed to have gone the way of all Brylcreemers. Today, five years after they first *snuck* out of the woodwork and into the gold record league, Ol '55 are stronger than ever, and even more confident that their brand of revival rock and roll has a lot going for its Eighties punters.

Whether you like it or not, Elvis is still selling records by the truckload and there is obviously a whole new market just discovering the 'delights' of traditionally based rockabilly, as performed by England's Major Matchbox or Melbourne's Crackajacks. And looking to ride that growing groundswell are a revitalised Ol '55.

This time last year, guitarist Pat Drummond was working in a Sydney guitar shop more often than gigging. Things had started to stabilise after the major split that not only lost the band their only songwriter, Jim Manzie, but also the overseas recording deal that had come about through interest in the group's second album, *Cruisin' For A Bruisin'*. Though the album wasn't accepted in anywhere near the same way as their first album, *Take It Greasy*, it still sold well enough to, at last count, sit five or six hundred off gold, and it *did* score overseas release. But the split threw all the plans into complete disarray.

"There was a contract with Polygram to release the album for half of the world. Then CBS picked it up in Canada and hopefully the States, and when the band split we still had the deal. The members that wanted to continue Ol '55 wanted to get out of their contract with Seven Records, so they let Jimmie Manzie's band keep that contract, but it fell through and Canada released the album as a sort of token gesture. It was also released in Holland and Germany and there was no reaction to it at all. So that was that — the deal is finished."

The tensions within the band left the record company helpless to really promote the album with any semblance of credibility: for the Fives, it seemed better to get out. It looked like it was finished but Pat, Rockpile and the original Fives drummer Geoff Plummer brought in just after the split - decided that they still wanted to play Fifties. A young Melbourne guitarist, 'Bad' Bob Tawney, was recruited, along with Terry 'Washing Machine' Belleu.

"August was our first gig, up in Currindie, so the new line-up has been together about fourteen months. At first it was really difficult for us because people had heard we had split and weren't sure what they were going to get. But people came and they liked us and things are going real well now. The new guitarist has probably been a big influence on the new sound of the band. He's a young guy. We needed something different musically to inspire the band because we were getting stale towards the end there."

The new band has been picked up by Leo Productions, who are distributed by Polygram, and, apart from carrying on with their traditional approach of revitalising old rocker standards, like their latest single *Two Faces Have I*, the band is beginning to write material themselves, though the steps are still a little hesitant after such a long dependance on the abilities of Jimmie Manzie. Still, they are pleased enough with several of their efforts to include them on their forthcoming album.

"The writing is still a bit of an effort for us but it's coming together. We're just waiting to see what happens. The sound now is a lot more aggressive and meaty now too. It's sort of like Heavy-Metal Fifties really. The single is the tamest of the songs we do. It's the melody of the Fifties that attracted us to that sort of music and if you put a big backing on some of those songs and make them a bit more aggressive, it makes for a very interesting sound, and a lot of kids are getting off on it."

The problem is it's 1980: I for one sometimes wish the Fifties would quietly fade away. But if people are getting off on it, there must still be something in that raw, original rock and roll sound. I asked Pat how relevent he thought an Ol '55 could possibly be for the punters of today?

"I think it's important, for us, to do it, because we are Ol '55 - a lot of people know us as that and expect us to play it - but I don't think it hurts to experiment a little bit and try to improve ourselves musically. That's what we're trying to do.

"But we think we can still do a lot with it. There are a hell of a lot of people that appreciate it, even young kids. Like we've experimented with young kids, asking them what they think of the songs - and a lot of them have never heard them before - and they think they're great. So even young kids that don't know the songs get off on them.

"There's just something about those songs that people like and they enjoy listening to them. We're not just doing a ShaNaNa or Showaddywaddy anymore. We're aiming to improve on that, and the ultimate aim of the new album is to sell it overseas. If the response we get at the gigs is an indication, we've got a good chance."

Michael Smith

...BUT ROY ORBISON ENDURES WITH DIGNITY

... while Roy just smiles benignly. (Pic: UPI)

Hi Roy! I'm Joe Blow from Station XYZ, and I wonder if you could tell the listeners what keeps you going?"

"Waall, Joe, if I didn't believe in what I was doin'..."

"Roy! Fred Nurg from the Sunday Splodge! This is your eleventh tour of Australia - what changes have you noticed...?"

"Waall, Fred, there's quite a few..."

"Roy, why do you always wear dark glasses and black clothes, what was it like back in the fifties with Elvis and Jerry Lee Lewis, how did you come to be in the movie *Roadie*, what do you feel about punk/homosexuality/the music biz/the world situation...?"

Roy Orbison is a quiet-spoken 44-year-old Texan gentleman, whose pale tight-fleshed face shows remarkably few changes from photos a quarter century back. He's also one of the Great Survivors on the Rock'hoNour'Roll: his classic contributions include numbers like *Only The Lonely, Blue Angel, Working For The Man, Oh Pretty Woman, Running Scared, Leah* and *Blue Bayou;* acts from Linda Ronstadt sideways have had gigantic hits with his songs, though many of his own renditions remain definitive. And popular. Although his recording has been infrequent over the last decade, the Best Of Collections surge back onto charts worldwide every few years: more than fifty million records sold, says the press-sheet.

Legends In Their Own Time have to suffer four hours of non-stop interviews.

"Roy: your public success has been matched by private tragedy. Could you tell us how you found the strength to keep going after the tragic death of your first wife, then that of two of your sons...?"

"Roy, this is your eleventh or twelfth visit to Australia: could you tell us some of your early experiences...?"

"Roy - you've probably been asked this before..."

He handles it with patience. And sincerity. What else would you expect from a man who sings stories of simple heartache and sweet memories, standing straight up at the microphone, no jiving here, suffusing the commonplace with that amazing voice. 'It-breaks-me-up-inside-but-I-can-take-it'; that's the enduring image, and part of its success is that you can believe it. He can rock it up in a gentlemanly fashion with, say, *Working For The Man,* or *Candy Man* or *Mean Woman Blues,* but the forte has got to be those big ballads, like *Leah, It's Over* or *Only The Lonely* where Roy takes it on the chin and keeps hitting those high notes.

And keeps touring. The days of the seven month world tour with a total of seven days off are over, but even by-pass heart surgery three years ago didn't prompt comfortable retirement: in fact, he seems to be branching out. The cameo role in *Roadie;* the new hit, teamed up with Emmylou Harris for *That Lovin' You Feeling Again;* an on-going project with Martin Sheen (star of *Apocalypse Now*) of a film based on his life...

For which he's to re-record ten of his biggest and best. A faithful re-creation rather than a fashionable update is what he intends.

"We want to take full advantage of the new technology... but none of mah records are done with retakes, or overdubs..." All in together, everybody knows *exactly* how to play the song - perfect for Direct-To-Disc!

The same straightforward approach that he has to writing - "Ah may carry the idea around for months, but it takes about thirty minutes to write" - and to the increasingly important role of film clips. He won't mime to a backing track, definitely won't do "some of the things ah've seen done, where everything's goin' crazy, where it doesn't compute quickly enough as it's runnin' by like a little bit of sense. But ah don't know how ah'll do it exactly, yet."

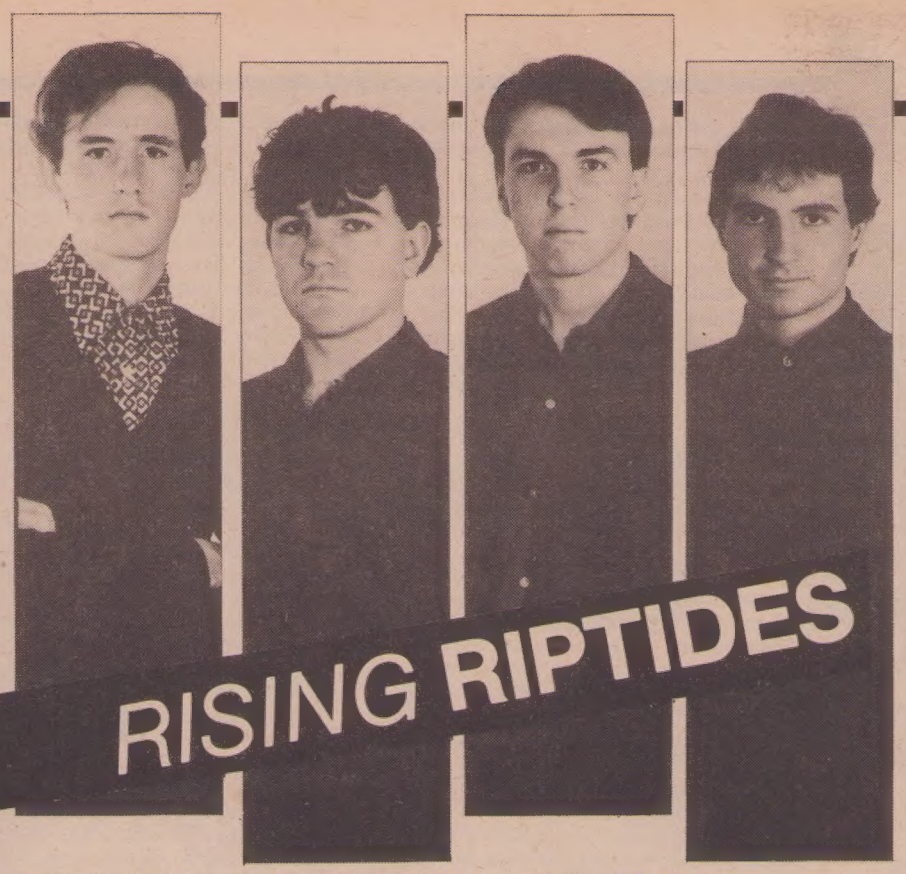
So don't wait up for The Big O on Freakout Video; and don't expect any songs about buildings, food, rock lobsters, politics or 101 Things To Do In The Road. "Ah personally wouldn't want to move very far away from what ah've been doin' in either direction," he concludes politely.

In Japan, Roy Orbison might have been nominated as National Treasure, a living embodiment of an aspect of culture. In Australia, and the rest of the rock'n'roll world the faithful just buy a ticket.

"Roy: one last question. What keeps you going?"

"Waall... success, I guess."

Greg Taylor



RISING RIPTIDES

The Riptides: Mark Callagham, Scott Matheson, Andrew Leitch, Dennis Cantwell.

The Brisbane daily Telegraph reported that a 'punk rock group', called the Grudge, were playing at the university.

So I made my way along to Queensland University, home of police confrontations, 4ZZZ and beards. And what happened? Your faithful reporter got so drunk he couldn't even remember where he was let alone what the Grudge were like.

Still, some reports filtered through. The Grudge were five young chaps with longish short hair and all wearing shades. Musically, they're rated as tightly competent; quite good in fact. Their set consisted of 'God Save The Queen', a few Saints' songs, 'Louie Louie' (ho-hum), most of the usual stuff, y'know, but the highlight was the Grudge's swan-song, 'Advance Australia Fair'.

This was written, by myself, nearly three years ago. It signalled the beginning of a relationship based on mutual suspicion; I believed that the Grudge were terrible and had no future, while they thought of me as an irresponsible bum. So who would have thought, three years ago, that in three years' time the Grudge and I would be sitting around the living-room of a dumpy terrace in Surrey Hills, Sydney, happily discussing the band's recently-signed contract with one of the most successful record companies in Australia?

Well, it's happened. The Grudge are nowadays known as the Riptides, and they've just secured a deal with Regular Records - testimony to, if nothing else, their drive and perseverance.

Plans for the band were originally drawn up in 1977 and in the architecture department of Queensland University; the draftsmen were Paul Nearhos, Scott Matheson, Allan Reilly, Dennis Cantwell and Mark Callaghan. Of that five, four remain - Nearhos, who manages the band, Matheson, Cantwell and Callaghan. In the first place none of them could play an instrument, but they were determined to *do something.* So Nearhos ended up 'singing', Matheson and Reilly playing guitar, Cantwell drums and Callaghan violin.

"You see, we heard the Saints," Matheson began, "and..." Callaghan finished the sentence: "... and we got really inspired."

Such romantic beginnings; the Punk ethos - do-it-yourself (generally nothing more than *theory)* - put into practice. It wasn't long, however, before Nearhos swapped his centre-stage job for one backstage, Callaghan moved in in his place, a bassist was recruited and the name 'the Grudge' taken.

The Grudge became the Neon Steel became the Numbers. By the Numbers the band had got a new bassist in Rob Vickers and recorded an EP, *Sunset Strip,* for the Able Label.

Sunset Strip showcased a band that had progressed from its inept if ambitious origins in Punk (influenced particularly by the Stooges, Saints and Sex Pistols) to one with an emerging personality of its own. The EP's three songs - the title-track, *Magic Castle* and *Rules Of Love* - were melodic, rocking little numbers that admitted a more obvious sixties' influence as well as the band's own bent. It was rough but it was invigorating, and it was a 'hit'.

Because of Sydney's Numbers, the band was forced to change its name to the Riptides. And with the departure of Rob Vickers (who went to New York, where he joined a band called Clouds, at last report being produced by Blondie's Clem Burke), Mark Callaghan took up bass. A second pressing of *Sunset Strip* was released, under the Riptides' moniker, and sold further. (Bomp Records would have released it in America, too, had a misunderstanding not prevented this.)

The Rise of the Riptides coincided with the Evolution of Brisbane. While the Survivors died out, the Leftovers finally went over the edge and the Go Betweens didn't really know whether they were coming or going, the Riptides alone were left as Brisbane's premier attraction. They worked anywhere and everywhere, and when they couldn't find work they made their own.

Late last year, upon Allan Reilly's decision to quit the band, the Riptides went into 'retirement'. Early this year, they re-emerged, with Andy Leitch, a guitarist who doubled on Farfisa organ, and a new single, *Tomorrow's Tears,* on Flat Records. It wasn't long, then, before they took the plunge and headed south, for Sydney, in the first move of a bid for the Big Time.

"I really enjoy living in Sydney," Callaghan said. "I like it as a city and I really like the way you can work and the opportunities open to you, but I really respect Brisbane for what it did for us, in the way that we developed there."

The Riptides nowadays are a band that knows exactly where they're heading. *Tomorrow's Tears* was a pointer; I find much of the Riptides' music immediately redolent of Merseybeat, and not just because they happen to cover *Some Other Guy* (an R&B standard that was staple material for Liverpool combos like the Beatles) - the Riptides' songs are characterized by the punchy Callaghan/Cantwell rhythm-section, the simple embellishments of the Leitch/Matheson guitar axis and the catchy vocal harmonies. *Tomorrow's Tears* itself was a good example of this, although it was marred by a somewhat flat production (no pun intended).

"It's my Rickenbacker guitar that does it," Andy laughed, and indeed it's only when he moves onto organ that the Riptides sound less like the Searchers or the Big Three. The band themselves prefer to think of their sound as the result of a broader set of influences - as Matheson said: "Tunes - we just love tunes." (And their one other cover is, after all, the Box Tops' *The Letter,* which is miles from Merseybeat.)

The Riptides' familiar musical language provides a backdrop for their very contemporary awareness.

"You write about things that are close to the heart," said Matheson. "A lot of the songs that I write," Callaghan added, "just deal with... ordinary people..." For instance, a song like *Holiday Time* is about the years of repression Callaghan suffered as a kid in Catholic schools; *Keep It Up* is a cutting comment on middle-Australia's efforts to maintain its lifestyle; *Time Of My Life* is about drug-abuse. And yet all of these songs are irrepressibly bright. And then there's a song like *Shake It,* a totally throwaway instrumental in the tradition of surf-music and the Poles' *Coolangatta Stomp,* for which the Riptides invite their audience onstage to join them shakin' it.

"That's our basic philosophy actually," Callaghan said, "in that I *really do* enjoy dance music. It's always been my favourite sort of music, so my songs come from that area basically. But you can have good dance music and still say something. I don't see the two as mutually exclusive."

"I think, if we make an album," Matheson added, "it'll be a good party album, but if someone listens to it in their bedroom they should be able to appreciate the songs on a different level."

And a Riptides album isn't far away, now that they've joined Regular.

"It's a really good deal," Callaghan said. "We negotiated - we wanted certain things, like control over production and artwork - and they were really good about it." The band are presently recording demos, and hope to have a new single out by early next year, with an album to follow.

"It was funny really," Matheson laughed. "When Regular first started we were sitting up in Brisbane, and we heard about it, and we said, 'that is the label we want to be on'. We came down here, and the first thing we did was send Paul into Regular, and he's been hassling them ever since, just begging them to come and see us. And they finally did..."

The Riptides' perseverance paid off.

Clinton Walker

ELLEN McILWAINE - 'SOLO HEAVY METAL HONKY TONK ANGEL!'

Mention that Ellen McIlwaine is to tour Oz in late November, and the response is usually "Oh, great, I've been into her for years": or a blank stare. Definitely a cult figure, partly because her four albums appear on three different labels (which tends to leave progressive promotion in limbo), partly because her music is hard to categorise. But *some* marketing people recognise the talent: for instance, three of her tracks appear on a double compilation set called *The Guitar Album* along side Eric Clapton, John McLaughlin, Roy Buchanan and Rory Gallagher. And a couple of players I've talked to reckon she's one of the most interesting slide guitarists around.

Australian fans have hoped for years that she would visit. Finally, three of them took the matter into their own hands. Calling themselves 'Honky Tonk Angels' (after one of her albums), they scrounged the $20,000 or so necessary to mount a concert tour; one of them, singer/guitarist Margaret Roadnight will open the show - "Even though it's probably professional suicide - she's pretty full-on..."

"I'm a Solo Heavy-Metal act." A delighted laugh down the phone lines from Atlanta, Georgia. "Or... uh, how about... Rhythm and Blues Based Power Rock, with a few ballads thrown in to be polite!" Tongue-in-cheek - but from her records, McIlwaine is a powerful and exuberant guitarist (not to mention pianist and singer), and live reviews usually use words like 'raunchy', 'blistering slide', 'playful' and 'salty'.

"I started guitar when we moved back to America, and left our piano behind..." Ellen's adoptive parents were missionaries in Japan: preaching the good word didn't preclude playing the good music round the house, and Ellen grew up on Ray Charles and Elvis Presley. Though she never took any formal lessons, by the time she moved to the New York coffee bar circuit in the mid sixties she was picking up tips from some real heavies.

"I used to play with Jimi Hendrix and Richie Havens down at the Cafe Au Go Go... from Havens I learnt an approach to barre chords using different tunings. From Hendrix I learned to *sing* with the guitar so that it sounds like two lead guitars."

She returned to Atlanta in '68 and made an album as part of a group called Fear Itself. That broke up as bands sometimes do... in '72 she made her first solo record, *Honky Tonk Angel,* for Polydor, followed by *We The People* in '74. A year later she moved to Montreal and cut *The Real Ellen McIlwaine* for the small Canadian label Kot'ai. It showed her moving in a heavier, more electric direction than the folk/blues concept that Polydor had pushed (hence the title); but through a combination of bad management advice and a producer mis-match her next album, *Ellen McIlwaine* (on United Artists), presented her as a 'blue-eyed soul singer', not even allowed to play on her own record.

"It was a very demoralising experience - we had a lot of fights." Though in coming weeks you may hear a re-release of a single, *Steal Him Away* from that album on your radio, Ellen is no longer with the company. She has new management, but the release of the new album is right up in the air - "We just went ahead and did it."

'We' was a trio, with Jack Bruce on bass and backing vocals and drummer Paul Wertico. The Bruce connection is a longstanding one; McIlwaine has recorded several Jack Bruce/Pete Brown numbers over the years. Her covers are eclectic, ranging from Stevie Wonder to Hendrix to old blues, while her own songs stand up well. She sounds like an independent, strong person whose digs at men, record companies and all the other forces that can screw up a lady's life are seasoned with humour - *'It wasn't God who made Honky Tonk Angels...'* Does she think the career struggle's been made harder because she's a woman?

"No..." There's a wistfulness here, a wry laugh... "I think it's so hard for everybody.

"I think what's happened with me is that I've been lost in the corporate decision shuffle - like a whole lot of other artists - and also I don't fit into any certain category... I like to think that it's not because I'm female.

"But I have a better chance at working solo than a man does, I'll tell you that."

How does that happen?

"I think they think, 'If you're only going to have one person on stage it has to be female. 'Cause that's what people in bars want to look at!'"

Ellen won't be playing bars on this visit, but the final clause in her detailed list of equipment required seems to maintain the ambience: 'A bar-stool or similar on which to place drinks and guitar picks... and a reasonable supply of low calorie beer." Should be a good night.

Greg Taylor

"We got rhythm, sardines and a philosophical overview..."

VES 8 THE STRUCTURE OF SUCCESS?

Someone I met in a bar once told me this band were a kind of hard-rock Supertramp. It was one of those rock hollows in the inner-Sydney enclave, where the lights are so low you tread on them. Ves-8 had played there shortly before, and whipped up quite a storm.

"Ves 8," I said to myself, "what a peculiar name."

On the prowl one Saturday night, I ran into them myself. To my mind, they bear about as much resemblance to Supertramp as Gene Simmons does to the Queen Mother. This was 'Models' night at Chequers, and Ves 8 were the first support. They're not easy to describe; but try this and see if it fits. If it doesn't, that's an even better reason to go and see them.

Take a fast rock punchiness and a soul beat. Add a rhythm section that can only be described as trans-Atlantic; hopping from a West Coast feel to British punk and back again. Back it up with a tonne of keyboards and throw in a heroic lead guitar. Up front, put a female vocalist who trained on light opera; sings with a jazz feel, and ranges through the power of a Jeannie Lewis, the easy clarity of a Linda Ronstadt and the murkiness of a Patti Smith. Add the rhythm player's husky male vocal and hear the two harmonise. Close your eyes and think of Graham Parker... This band is interesting, and they rage, rage, rage.

There are 9 people in Ves 8 (6 musicians, 3 on technological support), which makes an interview a difficult proposition. But, one fine Sunday afternoon, I sat down with pieces of Ves 8 - Jenny (lead vocals), her five year old daughter Zoe, Don Trent (lead guitar), Mark Robinson (rhythm guitar and vocals) - and discussed The Meaning of Everything.

Don and Jenny went to school together - across the barbed wire fence that separated the girls from the boys. As young boys, Don and Mark took their guitars up into the trees behind the parental home. About two years ago, various other members drifted together - except for the drummer, who joined them in January, they all spent last year together, practising, writing and "rehearsing a lifestyle". When they hit the road last March, they were Jenny, Don and Mark, Crazy Eddie (keyboards), Ian McNab (bass), Marsk L'Estrange (drums), Rene Henderson (front mix), Jamie Dodd (stage mix) and Steve Maxwell (manager). With a four tonne truck and an immense back-up of musical material, they gigged around Sydney and the South Coast until awarded a contract by 7 Records, and an offer by Peter Dawkins to produce them. Their demo-tape has already gone to CBS in the States.

Ves 8 are getting the feeling that the world might be some kind of oyster. They say they can handle it, in spite of the sudden rush. Now Don Trent dreams of Space Invaders machines, with bits of almost everything flying past his head.

The name 'Ves 8' has its murky origins in Don's habit of reading himself to sleep with the telephone book, and a late-night foray into an encyclopaedia article on Russian sardines. it appears the name was chosen to be without implications... he refuses to say more.

Stability for Ves 8 stems from their philosophical overview of their music, the music scene and their relationships with each other. They're intelligent, confident, dynamic and dogmatic. They're defensive enough to expect criticism, and handle it unflinchingly. They have a set of do's and don'ts, will's and won'ts - within which they've moved upwards.

They won't be categorised. (They inevitably are, but isn't everybody?) Audiences and fans tend to define a band's influences by the cover songs they do - hence Ves 8 won't do covers, not wanting people to get any reference point. When pushed by a particularly assertive promoter to give their music 'a name', they resorted in teeth-gritting desperation to: "Aggressive, yet melodic, arranged rock'n'roll." Which actually isn't bad, except it means anything to anybody, or nothing to no-one - exactly the point they're making anyway.

Social pressures being what they are, audiences in certain places react in certain ways: they expect certain things from a band. Some places they dance, some they don't etc. Ves 8 seem unusually aware of how difficult it is for people to react instantly and enthusiastically to bands who are 'different'.

They accept this - while getting the pure shits about it. Don Trent has a wealth of riotous anecdotes about bad audiences, bad venues and the band's musical cockups. Humour prevails here and an understanding of the mutual irritations and traumas surrounding the creation of a successful music act.

Ves 8 brim over with strong feelings about themselves. I want to know the basis - what are they really on about?

"People think we're fucked," splutters Don. "They won't try to understand what we're on about."

"We've been accused of bein' hippies," says Jenny, "because we're all on equal shares, even the manager." Aha! Now it all comes out. This is a band with an idealistic approach to survival and success. Things become clearer from here.

The 9 Ves 8's work as a musical collective. Not a Love Cosmic Sharing Trip - but a tight creative knot, into which each puts his or her measure of talent. Out of it comes the musical product, which they all equally 'own'. Only the roadie gets paid a wage, as will the business manager when one is found. The structure is designed to eliminate conflict over who does more, or is worth more in the band. Does it work? The band think it does, being based on acceptance of each other, closeness and commitment. They fully admit that to most people it doesn't sound very successful or realistic. The ways a band can operate, creatively and financially, are legion, this is one of them, and it seems to be working. If you're going to judge the way a band works, knowing that they're geared up for, and wanting, success, then it seems reasonable to ask: OK, so are they succeeding?

Ves 8 as I write are in the studio with Peter Dawkins, putting down their first single. They have a liberal contract with 7 Records and a demo tape in the States. The single *Radio Love* & *Money Won't Run* will be released at the end of October. 7 Records have spent "more than usual" on the production - and are backing Ves 8 on a North Coast, South Coast and Melbourne tour. They return in two months to put down a debut album. They're musically together, writing prolifically. And they're happy. Draw your own conclusions.

Chris Keats

Buster Stiggs, Phil Judd, Dwayne 'Bones' Hillman - Swingers to a man!

SPLIT FROM THE ENZ, BECOME A **SWINGER**

The Swingers, a New Zealand group, have recently arrived on our shores. The band have been together for around a year and a half. They were one of N.Z.'s top outfits, and already they have managed to cause quite a good deal of interest in Oz. Most of this interest centres around the band's singer/guitarist, Phil Judd, who first came to our notice as a charismatic performer in the early Split Enz. Leading the Swingers onstage, Judd shows that he has lost none of that presence.

The band is a three piece. On bass there is Dwayne Hillman, while at the drum kit sits Buster Stiggs. Onstage they turn on some impressive modern pop songs that rely on brevity and catchy hooks. Hillman attacks his bass with a good deal of ferocity while Stiggs is an adventurous player. Judd's guitar is the real delight. He throws in some exquisite licks, forceful yet very tasteful. The lyrics? Let's just say that they convey the bent humour that is Judd's view of life. They remind me of early Kinks in fact.

The word is spreading about The Swingers. They are gathering a following slowly in Melbourne and they are out to make inroads into other states shortly.

They have already signed a recording deal with Mushroom records. Their first single, *Counting The Beats* should be out shortly. It is currently being mixed overseas by wonderboy David Tickle, the Englishman who has been associated with Mushroom via his work with the Enz and The Aliens. Mushroom boss, Michael Gudinski has always admired Judd's creative skills. On seeing the band in N.Z., he lost no time in waving a recording contract in their faces, with a promise of big things to come.

Judd lives on Fitzroy St, Melbourne's most notorious, and colourful street. Judd has a certain reputation for eccentricity; I found him forthright and to the point, if a little reticent.

Where to start? Why did Phil decide to re-enter the fray after he had made it clear, after quitting the Enz, that he was washing his hands of rock and roll?

"I didn't think I'd be involved with music again. I made a reasonably conscientious attempt to start painting again. I was working in a straight job and in the end I missed music. It's as simple as that."

Judd had been involved in the production of Buster Stigg's band The Suburban Reptiles, a legendary N.Z. punk outfit. When that group split they teamed forces. So, was there a collective vision as to what The Swingers were going to be?

"No, not really. The three of us simply sparked together. It has happened quite naturally because the three of us write together. We aren't trying to be a "now band" in particular. We are conscious of what is happening now but none of us is particularly influenced by it."

I wonder aloud if there is any particular reason for being a three piece. Do they have a Police-style attitude to trios as the perfect, compact working unit?

"We never really intended to be a three piece, actually. it's just that we've never found a keyboards player or a guitar player who is suitable. We are still open to changes. The challenge is still there musically."

I mention the fact that I find the group's sense of humour a refreshing change after seeing so many bands that are deadly serious.

"I'm a very tongue-in-cheek person. I've fallen into this strange position where people take me as a very intense person, but deep down I've got a very sick sense of humour. It's just this wonderful world, as I observe it."

Phil goes on to explain how he sees his songs as being perfect for video. "I think our songs could be interpreted properly in terms of video. Again I'd like to do it with a certain amount of humour. Some of the songs need to be done in video to do them justice because we are very limited with what we can do live."

The fact that Australia afforded more opportunities for them to work with video is a prime reason for coming here.

Phil explains The Swingers Philosophy of the Art of Songwriting. "I like to keep them very short, as short as possible, in fact. I'm still learning how to simplify and to keep things basic. A lot of our songs have been chopped down from being five minute epics to three minutes. We try to cut out all the waffle. it's very easy to repeat things just for the sake of repeating things. I like the beauty of saying something once."

Phil says that they have learnt a lot from working with David Tickle in this respect.

"He's very conscious of wiping out anything superfluous. He believes in not having anything there that is too indulgent. That's very good for us as a three piece. We learnt more from a week in the studio with him than we have in our year-and-a-half together."

As far as working with Tickle is concerned there is a strong possibility that they will record an album with him. Tickle is apparently enthusiastic to work with the boys. It is just a matter of working them into his busy schedule.

Final question - how does he compare being in The Swingers to his days with the Enz?

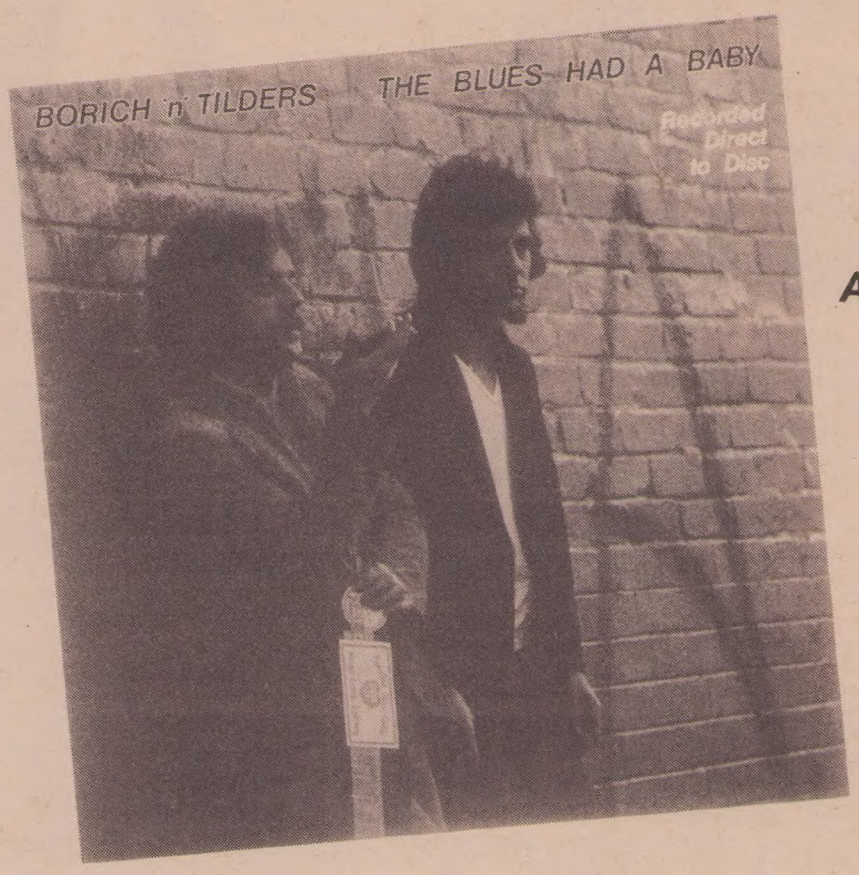
"It is a lot more genuine and uninhibited. It has been like a whole re-birth for me.

"I don't think I ever really understood music when I was with the Enz. It was more like a game. It was just experimenting. As a whole it had a spark which made it incredible. For me as an individual it was very frustrating. I hated all the ego clashes that go with a seven piece band like the Enz. Being in a three piece is great, on a personal level."

Phil Judd calls his new band a re-birth for himself. I think from the excitement they generate onstage that he must be right. The Swingers just may be the perfect vehicle for him to put across his unique concepts and ideas.

John Dimase

A DIRECT HIT



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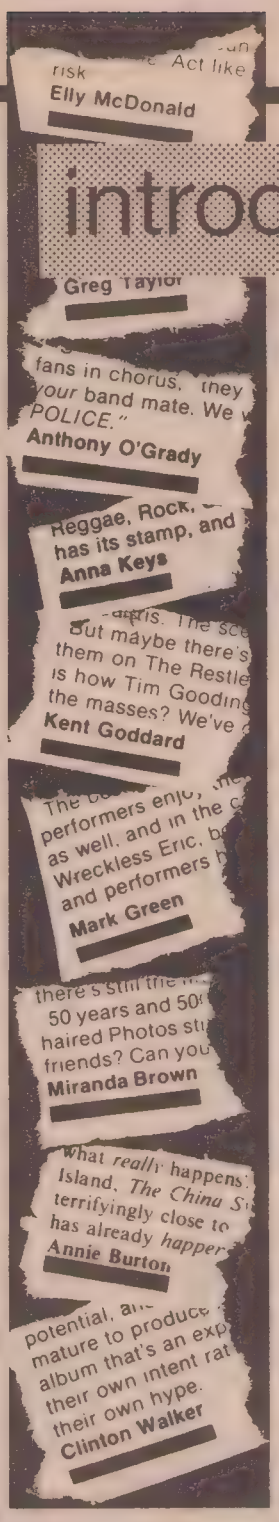

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If you
* Wish one of those by-lines was yours
* Have a cherished musical topic you're dying to celebrate in print
* Reckon you could do at least as well as those idiots at RAM...

THIS CONTEST IS FOR YOU!

THE SUBJECT: Anything under the sun, or moon, to do with rock music. It can be a record, or a live review; an interview; an essay; or even fiction.

THE FORMAT: Up to 1000 words (the length of an average ROCK-A-RAMA article). It doesn't have to be typewritten, but anything illegible will end up in the 'Too Hard Basket'.

THE PRIZES: **1st PRIZE: $100 2nd PRIZE: $50.**
A selection of the best entries will appear in our end-of-year double issue. Fame and Glory for everything printed.

THE DEADLINE: November 10, 1980.

ORIGINALITY, INFORMATION, ENTERTAINMENT AND DEATHLESS PROSE ARE ALL WE ASK. OVER TO YOU.

Entries will be returned if accompanied by a suitably stamped addressed envelope; all care taken, but no responsibility accepted for lost or damaged script. Pages must be pinned or stapled together, and don't forget to sign your name and address.

The Editions: Urban Syline, Fred Negro, John Durr and Roz Deer.

THE EDITIONS LATE NIGHT MELBOURNE FINAL

Melbourne, late winter. Only here could you wander into a small, city pub late at night and witness girls swathed up in layers of coat and scarf and jumper clumping about to the sound of new wave/pop. They look for all the world like merrily pogoing teams of Russian snowsweepers. From the shadows baby Lou Reeds watch coolly, cigarette dribbling out from the studiously sardonic side of a mouth.

Only here would the band they've watched, and danced to, and filled up the tills at the bar while listening to, be thrown out of the pub almost before the last chords have died away. And only here would it take a full hour to think of somewhere else relatively warm and reasonably quiet, conveniently located and *open* at this time of night. When we finally do home in on a location (one of Melbourne's perennial pizza bars), the street has been closed off and dug up as if to protect us from our own self-destructive, nocturnal drives.

By the time the pizza bar closes at 3am, Melbourne has just about given up the ghost. Literally. It's possible me and the band and the trusty jukebox are the only living creatures in town. Maybe Melbourne folk are like vampires in reverse - tradition-conscious and often quite grimly elegant by day, they crawl home at night through peak hour traffic - jams and settle down in their spacious, custom-built coffins (the brick veneer ones with venetian blinds) for an undisturbed night of restful un-death.

I, on the other hand, am learning something new with every waking minute of the working night. For a start, I have learned the band's name: the Editions. I have also learned how to make badges out of tampons, and I've got myself in a right proper tangle discussing the relative merits of Greil Marcus and Nik Cohn, not to mention the beauties of the classic two and three chord rock'n'roll structures. And I've learned that the only other hotel ever to throw the band out was the Pier Hotel, Frankston - except the Pier did it somewhere between the fourth and fifth song, claiming Saturday night was usually their big money-making night on meals and the Editions seemed to have effectively turned people off their food.

"And this," explains vocalist Roz Deer, "is why we play hard and fast with no breaks between numbers - so no-one can come up and ask us to leave again! The only other band the Pier ever kicked out was the Saints, so I guess we're in good company."

The Editions hardly have a stomach-churning, appetite-stomping effect on the listener anyway. Their music sounds like an anagram of some of the more appealing elements of popular music in the last twenty years. The guitar sound is a scratchy relic from the dawn of rock'n'roll and therein lies its charm (look ma, two chords!), the vocals are hard and amoral like those manipulative, all-American innocents from the early sixties, and Fred Negro's drums sound like a '76 punk cracking up and kicking his kit to bits. The bass is mixed discreetly low. The bassist's pasty face is bent towards his instrument, and as his head tilts the crystal-bunch earrings he must have ripped off from his Auntie Glad, catch light prisms the way detergent bubbles do. Could it be he's watching the strings? Verily I say unto thee, yes.

The bassplayer's name is Urban Skyline, as of tonight. He's mildly disappointed a whole string of Popes thought of the 'Urban' first, but the Skyline bit sounds good. He's only been learning to play bass since the Editions formed eight months ago. Before that he played guitar in a band called the Dalmatics, as did Editions guitarist John Durr. John worked in a record shop, and one day published poet (one poem, singular), Patti'n'Bessie Smith worshipper and escapee from Newcastle Roz Deer walked right into his salespitch. he convinced her to buy an exorbitant number of records, and she in turn convinced him she was the reliable, untemperamental girl singer his new band needed. It seemed to work quite nicely so they ventured onto *New Faces*, resplendent in New Wave, Pop Art chic, and scored all of 80 from the patronisingly with-it judging panel, while the rest of Melbourne's young, city bands looked askance.

They say they Did-It-for-the-TV-experience, and they've since garnered more experience of that medium through an Education Department project. The Editions were cutting a single, *You're Nice* backed by *Cheapness*, at Richmond Recorders with the Models' soundman Mark Woods as producer. During that time the Education Department was making a video documentary on the studio for use in schools. To show how the recording process operates they followed through the Editions work on a track called *Exterminate*, which those familiar with the doings of Doctor Who might rightly guess relates to his old adversaries, the Daleks.

The Editions lyrical subject matter is just like their conversation: it jumps off the wall from all different angles, and 'off the wall' is the key phrase there. And it's infectious! There I was, trying to think of an intelligent critical appraisal of their closing number, when what should my pen take it into its nib to scribble down? I'll tell you. It actually described the thing as a "spaghetti western theme for a science fiction movie starring Cliff Richards", and I'm not even going to disown that line. After all, I can't think of anything better calculated to induce mass pogo-ing among the snowsweepers of Russia.

Elly McDonald

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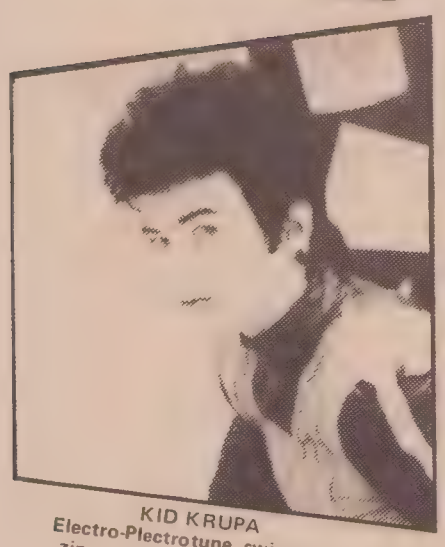
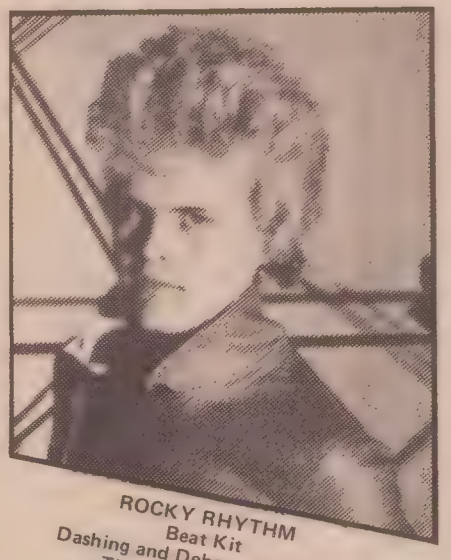


KID KRUPA
Electro-Plectrotune, swings and zings with his twangy electric guitar.



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LAST CHANCE

The Sixth Annual RAM/Mamiya Photo Competition

Last year's winner is totally obliterated: the mystery pic waits to be identified. Is it yours - or haven't you got round to sending it in yet?

The sixth annual RAM/Mamiya Photo Competition offers you the prize of a Mamiya ZE camera, complete with standard 50mm lens, plus 28mm wide angle and 135mm telephoto lenses and an aluminium de luxe carrying case.

Second prize is the 135ES Mamiya Compact - a worthy addition to any professional photographer's equipment.

Not that the RAM/Mamiya Photo Comp is open to professional photographers (see contest conditions) but for six years now we've given talented amateurs the chance to upgrade their equipment to top professional standards. Read the contest conditions carefully - it doesn't matter who you've got pictures of, they can be stars or unknowns. But the shot we're looking for will catch a pose, expression or fraction of action that conveys something about the power of rock'n'roll itself.

CONTEST CONDITIONS

- Send entries to Ram/Mamiya Rock Photo Contest. PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010.
- This year we're limiting the number of shots you can send in, to **six.** So you have to be your own quality controller. Try to pick shots that convey different moods. Musicians or bands must be named on the back of photos. Each photo must carry your name and address.
- Your photos must be accompanied by an entry form (or facsimile). 10" x 8" prints are preferred, but not essential. Photos will not be returned unless a correctly stamped addressed and sized envelope is included.
- RAM magazine reserves the right to include selected entries in the RAM photo files. Photographers will be paid normal RAM photo contribution rates upon use.
- Anyone can enter - except professional photographers, employees of Maxwell Photo Optics, Soundtracts Publishing Pty Ltd and regular RAM photo contributors.

CONTEST CLOSING DATES

Jeeze you're a slack lot out there. Every year it's been the same story - we've had to extend the contest deadline, 'cos for the opening weeks, bugger all comes in. Then, at the last minute, a deluge.

But this year you've *got* to get your act together, because when we say entries close on November 14 and the results will be published in our December double issue (comes out in NSW & Vic on Dec 12), WE MEAN IT.

THE JUDGES

Mostly the same as last year. David Hailes (Maxwell Photo Optics), Anthony O'Grady (RAM managing editor), Greg Taylor (RAM editor), Gary Fletcher (RAM art director), Bob King (professional photographer) and Philip Morris (professional photographer).

ENTRY FORM

Complete and cut out entry form (or prepare facsimile). Pack the form and your photos into a photo box or padded envelope. Include a correctly stamped, *sized* and addressed envelope if you want your photos returned. Send to RAM/MAMIYA ROCK PHOTO CONTEST. PO BOX 746, DARLINGHURST NSW. 2010. *Remember, you can't enter more than six pix!*

NB: Every photo must be captioned with your name and address. Every band or musician photographed must be identified. All care taken but no responsibility accepted for lost or damaged prints.

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ADDRESS: .....

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STATE: ..... P/CODE .....

Telephone No. ..... No. of photos entered .....

THE BLOCKHEAD BENEATH THE SKIN

How To Inflate A Mikestand: Part 3. (Pic: Paul Cox/LFI)

IAN DRURY and the other BLOCKHEADS have been lying low since last year's album *Do It Yourself*. **In London, PAULO HEWITT catches up on the changes since keyboards-whiz CHAS JANKEL left, and guitar-hero WILKO JOHNSON joined...**

"Now this test," Dury said, settling himself as comfortably as he could on the dressing room table, "Mickey showed to me last night."

It consisted of someone naming his three favourite animals and then using three or four adjectives to describe them. He then had to select adjectives to describe the sea and an imaginary brick wall. The animals, Dury explained, revealed how you see people's opinions of you, what people really think about you and lastly how you see yourself. The sea was your attitude to sex, and the brick wall your attitude to life.

Spider Rowe, long time associate of Ian Dury, sees sex as "slimy and chilly" and himself as a "gorilla".

Later on, in room 126 on the second floor of the monolithic BBC building at Shepherds Bush, we tried the same thing, only this time with words and a tape recorder.

Room 126 also contains a loudspeaker unit which constantly relays the music from the Top of the Pops studios below us, and as the new Judas Priest single comes thundering through, Dury tries to talk about the last Blockheads album *Do It Yourself*.

"I think it got confused. Mixing's a really strange thing anyway, but when you got so many things going on..."

He pauses.

"Every overdub that went on was another hit of orchestration and it seemed to get lost. I felt it got lost. I was still writing most of it so it just felt like it didn't seem to come from one source, so it didn't go out to one source either. It just seemed a bit of a mess."

Bassist Norman Watt-Roy disagrees: "No! I think it's a really good album. I still play it a lot. Not as much as *New Boots And Panties*, but it was just done with a totally different approach and I thought it was good. I learned a lot from it."

That Norman should feel this way is no surprise. *DIY* was essentially rooted in a lot of funk music and two years ago, at the Hammersmith Odeon, I stood two rows away from Watt-Roy watching him go wild with delight at the antics and music of Bootsy's Rubber Band.

"I think Ian allowed it to be done with a different approach, to let all us lot have a listen and learn something from somebody," he says. "Chas was a very talented geezer. I learnt a lot from him musically."

He's referring to Chas Jankel, Dury's main songwriting partner who quit the Blockheads after their exhaustive touring schedule last year.

Chas and Ian clashed over the direction of *DIY*.

In a recent article Chas even claimed that in a final effort to complete the record he had phoned Ian and told him to stay away from the sessions.

"He says some funny things Chas," Dury says wearily. "Actually, it's true... it was face to face, it wasn't a phone call. He did say 'why don't you keep out of the way because you're a miserable bastard!' So I said all right then."

"But he had a hard gig," protests Norman from the other side of the room.

Dury falters.

"Yeah," he says slowly. "Yes and no." He pauses again.

"It wasn't a very united firm at that time. We were all very tired as well, I think maybe that was the main thing. After a month off I still couldn't keep it together, I was just too knackered. I was feeling pretty despondent as well."

He thinks for a while, his thoughts hidden beneath an impressively large white trilby.

"I didn't feel confident, actually, I was feeling very unconfident. I hadn't finished the lyrics; I like to have lyrics and live with them for six months and I change them all the time and knock them into some kind of shape.

"When we did *New Boots And Panties* we had 36 demos to choose from. When we did *DIY* we had 10 songs and most of them hadn't been demoed. So that was just fraught. I did get extremely miserable and despondent.

"I was going down the studio and I remember one night I said to Norman 'your bass playing stinks!', and he said to me 'your breath stinks!' Do you remember that?" he shouts at Norman.

The pair of them grin infectiously, and refute my suggestion that such friction as they experienced could be of any value.

"No, not that kind of friction," says Dury, shaking his head, "It's stupid. Friction where you get angry with each other and guitars go flying about and then you try and do something about it afterwards, that can be useful."

Two minutes later a *TOTP* employee bustles in and

tells Ian that he's wanted downstairs along with the rest of the band.

What hits you first about the *TOTP* studio is how small it is. The next thing that hits you is the tedium and boredom.

Bands appearing have to make three appearances. One for practice, a dress rehearsal and then the actual appearance, which means a lot of shiftless hanging around the entrance.

All concerned stand listlessly about. Johnny Turnbull strums singalong songs with Mickey Gallagher the keyboardist; Wilko Johnson, the new Blockhead, chats amiably to Davey Payne; and Norman Watt-Roy and I talk about James Brown, Parliament and Bootsy.

Behind us, Richard Jobson chats seriously to Rob Halford, and Ian stands aside with Zen (his girlfriend) waiting his turn, only pausing to talk to Sue Wilkinson who, by coincidence, used to play in a band called Pure Gold with Chas Jankel.

Meanwhile Peter Powell mock acts with B. A. Robertson, the guest presenter for the night, over on the other side of the studio. It's hard to tell if it's phoney or not.

Eventually the Blockheads are called to the stage where they run efficiently through the new single, *I Want To Be Straight*; not an essential Blockhead song, but one that treads water with the panache of a Duncan Goodhew.

It's over in three minutes and suddenly we're back in room 126 again, finishing off the subject of *DIY* and Chas Jankel.

Ian had earlier said his dislike for *DIY* was because it was too intellectual. I remind him of that.

"Whoa. Well I was talking off the top of my head, wasn't I Paulo?" he jokes.

"Nah, I didn't mean intellectual 'cos I think that's a real insult. But it's more of a thought about LP. Thought about rather than done, I felt. A lot of self examination went on during it, especially amongst the guys in the band."

He pulls on a Marlboro and reveals that the differences were musical rather than personal.

"Working with Chas is quite difficult because Chas is a very good musician. I don't think superlatives are necessary, but everybody looked up to him and sometimes the balance between his skill and his way of imparting that knowledge wasn't too clear. He had a lot to learn about teaching, so it did get a bit sticky, people's noses got put out of joint a bit. I never found it easy singing with Chas, he always made me lose my confidence rather than gain it but . . ."

Another pause, then a joke.

"I think I better go and listen to that record again. The thing I got pissed off about, I didn't want to do again, for my part. I didn't want to go out and be a Cockney boy again.

"All I tried to do with *New Boots and Panties* was sing in English 'cos it killed me to sing in American . . . when I hear Nick Lowe and Elvis Costello, I always think if only they sung with English accents then they really would be English rock 'n' roll. But it's very difficult to do, it's something that hardly anybody can do, and then various bods started saying there were bandwagons of cockneyness going on. Which came as a horrible shock to me personally. I didn't know that was going to happen and I didn't know I was going to be lumbered with that role.

"I saw Elton John saying in the paper: 'Be careful Ian. Don't become the Roy Hudd of rock 'n' roll music.' That really smacked me in the chops. I didn't want to be that. I wanted to be a rock 'n' roller and thought of it as that rather than a jolly-up thing."

So *DIY* was a conscious step away from that?

"Yeah. It was a step away without actually leaning back.

"For me to step away from making lyrics the lynch pins in a piece of music I need to work with really structured melodies, and I didn't really feel that on *DIY* the melodies were singalongy or memorable melodies. They were arrangements rather than melodies.

"The guy I used to work with in the Kilburns was Russell Hardy and nearly all things he wrote were hummable melodies that I could learn and work within and rely on that. When it comes down to me being a funky groover, I don't sing in half beats. Ever. Don't like half beats 'cos I don't talk in half beats. I talk in fours and like working within the fours and stamping on them and gruffing them up and going 'eheuh, eheuh'." He emits a noise that's impossible to spell and stamps his right leg.

As for the lyrics . . .

"A bit light on their feet ain't they. Yeah," Dury says.

"There was one called *Mischief* and I'd half written it and it's like this thing of not having time to consider them. I went down the studio and somebody from Stiff came down and said: 'There's 150,000 advance orders on this.' I went wh-haat! And I had the headphones on and I didn't know what the lyric was about, and singing it into the microphone I could just imagine a big load of people saying whooaah. What's all that about? I was trying to be convincing about it and I wasn't."

Norman suddenly perks up.

"It was time and tiredness. We were tired and you didn't have the time to work on your lyrics as you want to. In the time I've known Ian he's shown me lyrics, then the next time they're totally different. He's always honing them and you didn't do that on *DIY*."

They resolved in future to spend a lot of time working on things, and consequently they've been out of the public eye now for a year, working on new songs, setting up their own label through Stiff, and recruiting a new member.

Andy Dunkley phoned me up and said Hugh Cornwell is going to prison and will you go and help the Stranglers out at this gig. And I went 'oh yeah, w-e-ll', but Hugh's all right, so we said yeah, and did a couple of numbers with them.

"Afterwards, in the dressing room, I didn't want to do an encore, and Wilko was sitting there and he didn't want to do an encore either. And he was sitting there looking kind of thoughtful.

"I mean, I knew him from the old days and I always thought he's a bit of a nutter, that geezer. So I said why don't you come down the studio and do a couple of tracks with us and he said 'yeah'. I could hear the song *Lonesome Me* when I was looking at him, the Don Gibson song. It wasn't to be anything flash or super groupie or any of that old bollocks. It was just to go and do a song with a nice geezer who plays a good guitar.

"So he come down and we did four tracks. And they were really good fun. We loved the sound of it and after a week of working with him it was quite easy to see where he could fit into our firm.

"So I did a bit of canvassing."

And that's how Wilko Johnson achieved Blockheadom, though in keeping with the rest of the band he's free to come and go as he pleases. His own band, the Solid Senders, are still together and Wilko has just finished work on the new Senders album.

Work has been in progress, though, on the newer material.

"I think they're more simple," Dury says about the new songs.

"I think they're more hard, more rocky and I think they're more exciting. I want to get out and have a bit of a wallop really. It's not simplistic or anything, we're still trying to be clever.

"It's got a bit of stonk," says Ian. "Stonk and bravado. It's more, er, angry I think . . .

"Well, I'll give you some titles. One's called *Manic Depression*, one's called *Delusions Of Grandeur*, one's called *Uncall A Halt*, one's called *Damn And Blast . . .*" His voice twists away gracefully.

Apart from the music's unrelented stonk and bravado then, how were the lyrics shaping up?

"Well they're quite serious," Ian replies, "*Manic Depression* goes: *The mind is a very precious flower/That finds itself strangled amongst the weeds/The cause and effect/Is what you might expect/And going round the bend is where it leads.*

"The Elephant provides the ivory tower/He's better left to wander to and fro/Poor Jumbo's got no chance/When the archer doth advance/With a ghastly poison arrow in his bow."

He stops and there's a brief silence.

"It ain't funny," he says, "but it's . . . I don't know. If they're funny or not really I can't tell."

In room 126 nor can the rest of us.

Last year the Blockhead fan club numbered some 11,000 members, which doesn't take into account the amount of people both young and old who have taken Ian into their ears and homes.

This strange man with the funny walk and cheery disposition is now 38 and a star. In room 126 he struggles to explain it all.

"When I used to go out when I was 18, walking down the street, because of the way I walk I'd be embarrased about it. I used to wear loud clothing to get over that embarrassment partly, and because I like loud clothing. So I'd brazen it out walking down the street . . ." He breaks off to pull a sneering face.

"People would look at me, and they do look at me because of the way I walk, where nowadays because I'm fairly recognisable, they look at me because of the way I walk and then they recognise me. So I do get the old twitchy neck sometimes, but I'm just getting over it now. Last year it was murder. I don't believe in paranoia, it was real. I was going out and started sweating and people would get hold of me."

He suddenly grabs my arm. "And a couple would be drunk or something and if I fell over Fred would get cross and start going up to people and saying 'You can look at him, but don't touch him.' And I don't like that at all. I don't think that's necessary."

In an effort to overcome his frailness Ian has been swimming a lot, exercising as much as possible, gaining not only in physical strength but confidence as well.

"I think the best thing is to be quite graceful with it. Tommy Roberts, when he managed the Kilburns, he said the thing is see, if Liberace walked down Oxford Street he'd stop the traffic. And he'd be smiling."

Ian gestures regally and adopts a gruff voice.

"They'd all be going 'Ah that's Liberace, woaaahh'. So really for that reason Liberace he can take the piss out of himself and yet stop the traffic at the same time. So that's what I'd like to learn to do.

"I've heard this thing about Mick Jagger," he continues, "that he'll go for the spotlight wherever he is and he'll stand there loving it. And everyone will look at him and there's Mick shaking his booty. I think that's terrific. It's probably the only way he can be Mick Jagger."

Recently Ian, too, has been shaking his booty in public. But as a straight actor with Vanessa Redgrave to raise money, so the papers said, for the Workers Revolutionary Party.

"Oh yeah . . . wasn't for . . . who were you going to say?" he questions, a trifle worried. The WRP maybe.

"Well it was for youth centres," he says quite firmly. "Vanessa told me it was for youth centres that would be stored out by the WRP Young Socialists, or something. I did it 'cos of Derek Jacobi. I mean, I did it to go on the same boards and watch him, see if there was anything to be done there. I felt very embarrased, I don't think I'll do it again. It was a pastiche of Shakespeare by Tom Stoppard and the doctor where I used to go swimming, Dr. Kitt, said to me 'If they had wanted Sheakespeare acted they wouldn't have asked you, dear.' "

But did Ian have any political sympathies?

"Nah, because I think parties always get caught and they always get observed and sussed and the Old Bill follow them all about. I don't like all that. I mean, if I had any beliefs or any thoughts on those subjects, I would never voice them because it's like being asked to put your head in a mousetrap innit? I don't want any constrictions on what I do with my rock 'n' roll music. That's good enough for me.

"So every time I get worried and want to be a roaring revolutionary punk artiste, I sort of stop myself. What can I do?"

Never let me hear you say he's not trying.

But doesn't Ian himself hold power. Just the fact of 150,000 advance orders on *DIY* confirms that.

"I hope not," he says. "I don't want any and if I have got any, I want it to be the power to make people laugh. And that's it. I think there is a responsibility in the way that you carry on. That's why I wrote *Straight*, because I don't think that we should encourage, or discourage. So I describe my own personal feelings on how I felt at being stoned all the time, not all of the time, a lot of the time and thinking 'Oh God I wish I wasn't stoned. I might do something better.' So that's just a personal chat. It's not trying to pontificate at all.

" *Plaistow Patricia* is probably the only song I couldn't understand very well. Like why people cannot suicide with heroin and I put a happy ending on it. 'Cos I've never taken any of these things. I've never taken heroin, I've never taken LSD and I've only taken cocaine six times in my life, and they're the things that worry me more. Not the drug itself, but the way you can use a drug as an excuse to get out of it so far that you fall off. I'm scared of that happening to me. So scared that I won't touch them."

There's silence in the room. Then a chirpy song from the Selecter beats in and Ian looks at the speakers on the walls and says, "Lovely smile that girl."

After the final shooting for the single has finished, we all troop one more time to a smoky room 126.

Today is Johnny Turnbull's birthday and a bottle of champagne is opened . . . in his absence.

Dury stalks the dressing room with a layer of white make-up on his face to coverup the blotches that have unexpectedly appeared.

A make-up girl peels it off and lo and behold the blotches have completely cleared up.

I ask him what success had done for him.

"I don't think there are *any* trappings of success at all that I want, that I would be ambitious for. Not any at all. I could have bought a house, and in a way wish I had like a little castle somewhere, but I ain't got one yet and if I really wanted one I would have probably got one by now.

I sorta want a better place to live but apart from that I can't think of anything at all. So I'm quite happy.

"I got really unhappy last year because I was so tired just touring and worrying and trying to keep it sweet and myself sweet and not fall prey to any of those pitfalls. It's quite difficult 'cos we're living in a consumer society, but I mean I never wanted a car. My old man was a chauffeur and I never wanted to drive 'cos I thought he hated it."

His voice trails away.

Later on, just as we're about to leave room 126 for the final time, Ian will say: "I don't want to be taken seriously. I think the danger is to be taken seriously either by other people or by yourself. I don't think it's really wise to establish yourself on one level and stick to it. The only thing I've ever taken seriously is the business of writing lyrics because it's bloody hard work and needs a lot of time and attention. That I take seriously."

Ian & Wilko (P. Cox/LFI)

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(Pic: Michael Putland/LFI)

I never thought of it before.

Have any of the photographers retaliated?

Oh yeah. I've been hit back a lot of times. They smash you with their long lenses.

Let's talk about films. What's happening about the film *Hot?* **You're starring in it.**

Hot? Yes; maybe. They don't have the money. They have some money. They should be telling me soon if they have all the money. It's quite an interesting story but I'm not going to blow the story by telling it to you. But it's a very strange story.

I heard it's about a tribe of mutants who suffer from a 1940's nuclear explosion, somewhere in the States.

Yeah. Kind of. But actually what happens is not . . . I don't play one of them. I'm the good boy. I'm not really the hero. Kind of. There's two actually and one of them is an anti-hero. Kind of. There's two actually and one of them is an anti-hero. It's a nice film with an interesting story. It's not just a bullshit film. It's interesting and could be something out of the way and very scary. I worked on the characters with the director . . . not on my own character but on the others.

So it's more than just acting for you.

Oh yeah sure. I've been involved in the project for the past three years.

Roger Daltrey has become very successful in films.

He has. He's done very well. He's a better actor than he is a singer.

Don't tell Pete Townshend that.

Well he knows it already. I mean, his voice isn't much worse than Daltrey's, anyway.

It's probably as bad as yours and Keith's. If Keith goes on doing lead vocals . . .

Yeah he can't do more than one.

I'm sure he goes through great pains trying to sing properly.

Yeah, really. Agony.

But going back to films. Are you thinking seriously about taking up films as a career?

Well. This film I mentioned encourages me to do that. And there is another film too. I've been working on two films with this German director and I've worked on the other film for two years now. Films are very slow. You can't just go out and do them. Most of the films that come out good are rarely as a result of someone just going in and saying, "Yeah let's do it right now." It doesn't happen like that. It's a long process from script to film.

Is Pete Townshend still after your *Rock & Roll Circus* **film?**

Hmmm. He put a bit of it in the *Kids Are Alright* movie.

Why don't you put that film out?

I don't know if I ever saw it. I haven't seen it for 11 years. It's gone, past and finished. I'm not interested in old films anyway. I'm not interested in doing something like the Who did with their *Kids Are Alright* film.

Let's talk about your deal with EMI now . . .

We just signed with a company that gave us the best deal and the most independent deal. There are only one or two record companies in the world that you can sign with, that are going to cover all territories. Three actually. Two of them didn't want us. So EMI were the only ones of the three that did.

How much say do you have at EMI? Do you have complete control?

Yeah. More or less, and we have a pretty good relationship with EMI. Though they keep restructuring the company. I mean every ten minutes the guy who you were talking to yesterday, is now sacked or sent off to Australia.

You signed to EMI at a critical time. It was during the punk thing. Did you go to EMI and tell them, "Look, don't treat me like you treated Johnny Rotten and the Sex Pistols and kick me out."

Well obviously they're not going to do that because we've been around for a long time. They wouldn't treat us like that otherwise they wouldn't have given us all that money. I don't mind if they've done the same things. It's fine with me if they gave us all that money and kicked us out. I wish they had. We could have gone somewhere else and talked about a lot more money. So they couldn't have possibly done that. There was no question of them having had control over anything. In fact they have less control than the US company.

Have you any intentions of signing anybody to your Rolling Stones Record label?

There are two people we're supposed to be signing but I don't know what's happening with it. But we don't really have a viable label. So I sign anyone at the moment. We get lots of tapes. We had a tape from the Specials, but as we don't have a viable label, it's just not fair to sign them. I could have signed them and re-sold them.

You put a very big promotion behind Tosh's *You Gotta Walk* **and it was a flop. Did that dishearten you?**

No. It was only a joke. It was a laugh. But no, it doesn't disenchant me at all. I didn't think it was gonna be a big hit anyway. His album could have sold more, but it sold like three times what his album before that sold. He's now recording in Jamaica.

What about touring? When do you intend to go back on the road?

It will be in the autumn around September/October time. We'll only do Europe and Australia this time because we haven't played there for a long time.

Do you still find touring enjoyable these days?

It's got its good moments. It can be boring but it can be fun too.

What about this much publicised tour of China?

I'm supposed to go there soon to see halls and what facilities they've got because no-one has actually worked there yet. So I'll go there for 2 or 3 weeks.

Many people hinted that it was just a publicity stunt.

No, it wasn't. I mean, it may not happen. China is a very difficult place to play because the audience isn't like in Russia. In Russia the audience is really there. We haven't played there but I know the audience is there. And now, of course, the political things being what they are at the moment, there's no chance of us going to Russia, if there ever was one. But the Chinese seem genuinely interested in having Western rock music, though they don't know what it is. So I don't know what's gonna happen. I'd take Tosh with me. We would like to make a different show that would kind of initiate the Chinese.

You don't want to shock them, though.

No, but a show with lights would be very pleasing for them, that we wouldn't do here. So I'll steal some things off every rock band's show because they haven't seen one yet.

Have you thought about making a solo album?

Yeah I'll do one. If no-one wants to go into the studio in a couple of months. I'll go myself and give it a try. But I've got a lot of stupid songs, which the others will never like so I'll put those out. But anyway, it will be an opportunity to do certain things which I couldn't do with the Stones. There are endless possibilities.

What's your favourite Stones album?

The first one. I don't know if it's called the same around the world but in England it's called *The Rolling Stones Volume One.*

Is that because there are hardly any Stones compositions?

Oh there is . . . there is two I think. But that's not the reason, yes or no. I just like it because it has a lot of energy and naivete and bites and it swings, and it's very danceable.

I thought *Beggars Banquet* **was your favourite.**

Well, that's another favourite of mine. I like it for different reasons because compared to the first one, it's much more sophisticated and we wrote all the songs on it. It's got all kind of styles of music. I like it.

Satisfaction **is probably the song that is mostly associated with you. Do you think that the lyrics still apply today?**

Well, no. I mean things change. Even then it was a sort of parody, when it was written, though it doesn't sound like it, but it was. And it was a kind of joke on America, which was a sort of new society to me in those days. That's a kind of nice period song. I think it's a funny song and I quite like it.

Is there anything on the new album which you think has got the same power as *Satisfaction?*

Maybe not. I think that song, when we wrote it, we didn't think anything of it. In fact Keith didn't even want it to be put out as a single and I had to fight like crazy against Keith to put it out, and he'll tell you the same thing. He didn't think it was anything. So you don't know what is going to happen to a certain song in the future or how you look at it.

How long have you been playing rock 'n' roll?

You mean professionally? For money? Since I was 19. So this band has been going on for 15-16 years. Unprofessionally, I've been playing it since I was 14.

It's a hell of a long time. Do you still enjoy it or is it becoming a drag now?

Yeah I still enjoy playing it. I always liked playing it, but when I was 14 I really had a lot of fun at it because I didn't know what I was doing. And that's the great thing when you don't know what you're doing, how much fun you are having. Now I enjoy it but it's a little bit more exacting because rock 'n' roll itself is an older form of music. You can't play just like you used to, even if it is a new band or an old band. It's a bit too professional for my liking and that's the one drawback about it. It's also rather limiting because people still like just to see five people standing there playing.

Do you think whoever created r&r had any idea of what it was gonna be like 25 years later?

No, I don't think that at the beginning it was going to be like that. We go back to people like Buddy Holly, The Burnettes or Bill Haley. All that was country music rock 'n' roll, and I'm sure they never thought that it was going to be ever a thing that was going to be all around the world, for instance, and that it was never going to be a thing that continued for such a long time. I'm sure everyone thought it was just a phase.

You've been involved in rock 'n' roll for 16 years. What positive and negative values did you find in it?

Aaaagh! I don't know. It's so difficult . . . No, I don't like that one. Can we pass on that?

Sure. How long do you want to be in rock 'n' roll for?

Hmmm! I don't know. Maybe forever.

> "Rock'n'roll is rather limiting because people still like just to see five people standing there playing."

JAGGER TALK.

(Pic: Anton Corbijn/LFI)

> "The Stones were never democratic, as far as I know. You know, you all get a vote but some people's votes count more than others."

MR RAY BONICI asks the probing questions; MR MICHAEL JAGGER gives the candid answers. Opinions on the rest of the Stones, The Clash, Bowie, The Police and much more from a man who's spent 16 of his 37 years round the top of the rock'n'roll tree.

At last we have another Stones album out. It's been two years since *Some Girls.* **Do you have any excuse for the rather long delay?**

No. We've had everything ready. So I don't have any excuses. I can only say I'm sorry. I apologize. I don't know why it took so long. I think I just didn't feel like doing anything. We were being lazy a bit. We sort of messed around a bit but then we got things together and put the record out.

Was it difficult to keep interest going in the band?

No, not really. We enjoyed ourselves recording the album.

Were you running dry of songs maybe?

On the contrary. In fact I was writing a lot and we recorded so much stuff . . . far too much. Instead of going in with ten songs and just recording those, we recorded about 40 songs and finished about 25 of them. And then we had to pick ten songs out of the 25, for the album. It was quite difficult to pick those ten. I don't know. We just continued recording and forgot to put the record out. We also started recording really late. We didn't start until the summer of last year and then we spent about three or four months recording in Paris. And then the mixing took longer. All I know is, the later it got the more mad I go. It didn't seem to get me anywhere and everyone just slowed down. I don't know why. Anyway, I don't see why the next album shouldn't be out quicker.

Is that a promise?

Yes it is. We have lots of songs left over and we have some good demos too. We could put another album out next week. I'm referring to just the session from this album because there are many uncompleted songs from the *Some Girls* sessions. I don't know what's gonna happen to those. Usually we have lots of half-finished songs left over and then afterwards we decide whether to keep them for the next album or not. But this time we actually have finished ones and I think they're good. So there's no reason why the next album shouldn't be out, say by February.

But the Stones never keep a promise. We've been promised so many albums. And if you look at it, there's only been three studio albums since 1974. Three albums in six years isn't much. You probably don't realise that.

Hmmmmm! No, I don't! What was there in '75? There must have been something?

Since then there's been one live album and about four compilations.

Well, the live album was as much work as the studio albums. But yes, there's not so many. There's not as many as there should be. There should have been, at least, one album a year.

Anyway 40 songs to me seems like a hell of a lot of energy. It seems like there is a freshness in the band again.

I hope so, yeah. The only thing is I hope I've picked the right songs or the freshest ones because you can't really decide when you work so close to the songs. A lot of the songs were edited a lot because they ran for something like 12 or 14 minutes. We just kept on playing. So we edited them to get ten songs for the album.

You said "I hope *I've* **picked the right songs." Don't the rest of the band get a say in the choice of material?**

Oh! They all have a say and we discuss things, which could be very difficult because there's always someone who doesn't particularly like some songs which you think are good. But we come to a decision, somehow.

Is there any particular reason why you chose *Emotional Rescue* **as the single?**

No. I think that's really the consensus of everyone who heard the album. They said: "That's the single." Maybe some people prefer another one. I like it though. There are others I like equally as much, like *Dance,* which will be our second single. But I don't really mind which

one it is, so long as it sells some or gets played some.
You haven't done a song like *Emotional Rescue* for quite some time. How did you compose it?
It's a bit of a strange track. I wrote that song on the electric piano and I sang it in that falsetto from the beginning. So I kept that. It just started off with me playing the piano and Ronnie on bass and Charlie on drums. That's all to start with. Then after that we added the saxophone. So it's not actually the band playing. It's not the five of us together as most of the other tracks are. That's maybe why it turned out a bit strange. I've actually made a dub version of it but not for putting out.
Was *E. Rescue* written from a personal view or is it referring to people in general?
It's a personal thing in a way but it can be generalised. It's just about some girl that's in some sort of manhood problems. I don't mean she's going crazy, I mean she's just a little bit screwed up. And he wanted to be the one that helps her out.
So you come to her emotional rescue.
Well, yes.
You next planned single *Dance* is a typical Stones tune. How did that one come about?
Yeah it's a nice dancey lick. Ronnie and Keith wrote this particular lick and I just added these extra words. Actually there are two versions of that song. There's the album version and another one which has got a very different set of words; more words than this one. This is a simple one. If we put *Dance* out as a single, I think we'll put the other version on the other side.
So there is a reason for doing two versions.
Yeah there is.
You think of everything.
Well, I try.
There are no cover versions on the new album, and you usually do one on every album.
We used to do one an album just for fun . . . to get away from our own songs. It's nice just to play someone else's songs. You can do anything you want with them. You can ruin someone else's song instead of ruining your own.
Do you do versions to make a clear variation from your own material or is it because you're probably bored with your own songs?
We just do them for fun, you know. You can come across certain things, like on the last album we did *Just My Imagination*. I like to do Motown songs. But on this album we had so many songs of our own that we didn't have time to do anyone else's.
So what music do you actually listen to?
I listen to classical music in the morning because I don't like to listen to rock 'n' roll till 11 o'clock because it gets me crazy. But after 11 in the morning I listen to . . . well, every week or so everyone changes records. I like for a late night that Smokey Robinson album *Warm Thoughts*. It's a great album. Smokey's so musically incredible. He's not everyone's cup of tea. What was the other one I was trying to think of?

Do you still like a lot of Tamla Motown stuff? Motown was your main influence for some time.
Yeah but that's hardly existing these days. I like Millie Jackson's *Live & Uncensored*. There are very few soul singers anymore like that. Very few. I still love the Isleys. I love all that clapping stuff, once in a while. I still like Little Richard. Someone sent me a tape of his the other day and that's good. Mighty Sparrow is good.
Is there anybody from the so-called new-wave or new music?
Stockhausen! Well it's all a bit old happening really, now. I mean it's three years ago. Is there something newer than that?
Well, I was trying to get your opinion on people like the Police, for example.
That's hardly new. The Police? For me it's not really new. I mean it's not even new for India.
Okay. But I'm just asking an opinion from somebody who's been in the music scene for nearly 20 years.
No, there's nothing wrong with the Police. But it's hardly new is it? The music isn't new. It sounds very old.
When people like the Clash came out, for example, did you . . .
. . . The Clash? The Clash sound is so old-fashioned to me. I quite like the Clash, though, but they really sound old-fashioned. It's fine. I don't mind them. I'm very old-fashioned too.
Guy Stevens produced them. So I suppose . . .
Oh yeah? Guy Stevens from the *Scene Club*. I met him when he was a DJ. Guy Stevens is great. He's really nuts. He was always crazy. The Clash remind me a bit of the early Stones albums. I like *London Calling*. That's a great album. But I prefer Elvis Costello's songwriting. I think he's a real good songwriter. The last English album I like was his. I quite like that.
The Rats perhaps?
No, I didn't like that very much actually. I like the Specials but I didn't like their album. I think it's very badly recorded and I didn't like it. But I've got this tape of them live at this club, which they sent me, and it sounds great. I saw them two years ago in this club.
Are you off reggae these days?
No, I like it. I like Max Romeo. He wants to do a record with us. He's got some really nice songs.
But Keith is the guy who really loves reggae, isn't he?
No: I like it more than anybody. Charlie likes it more than anybody. Keith is the third person. Keith might play it more but he doesn't know anything about it.
What about your old favourites like Dylan? Did you help him out on *Blood On The Tracks*?
No, I didn't. I was just there a lot of the time, that's all.
What do you think of him now that he's become a Christian?
I don't know really. I'm not into . . . I am not really a Christian person and I don't really . . . I find it very difficult. But mind you, he's always liked trying to proselytize about one thing or the other. He was in that Jewish movement for a while . . . *The Violent Jewish Movement*, I call them. What's their name? *The Jewish Defence League*. You know, they're the ones that throw bombs and everything.
Like anti-Klu Klux Klan, you mean?
No. They're the rampant militant Jewish . . . He was in them and now he's born again Christian, which is difficult for the Urban Jewish League or whatever they call them . . . the violent Jewish people, to take. He's very hard. Anyway, all I've read is what you've read and I've listened to the same records. Right?
I don't know. Have you heard about your old friend Andrew Loog Oldham. He produced this Italian guy called Francesco De Gregario. He's settled himself in Italy now.
He's crazy, Andrew.
But he's got a number one hit there.
Yeah, but he's crazy. He's a real nutcase. I've seen him quite recently. He doesn't know what he's at — you know? He does that. He goes from country to country and town to town, just becoming like the new thing. And then he leaves and goes off somewhere else. He's a bit like David Bowie.
You mean he goes from country to country until . . .
Yeah, after he's ripped off everything out of it. David Bowie and Andrew Oldham are very similar.
Bowie is in town recording with Visconti, I think.
Yeah. I've seen him. He was in New York and gave up.
Talking about old faces and New York. Is it true that you and Keith tried to get Lennon back?
No. Far be it from me. He lives next door to me in New York, in the next building, like ten yards away, but I never see him.
Is he really that cloistered?
Yeah, like a nun.

After the Beatles split, you wanted to keep the Stones going to make people forget . . .
No not at all. I quite admire them for that. It didn't affect me, what they did. It's long ago. I mean they were already old hat. They hadn't played.
But they did their bit of business when they flogged you that single . . .
Yeah. Paul was really a hustler . . . still is.
Let's talk about songwriting now. Can you explain to me how the songs take shape these days. Is it still you who writes the majority of the lyrics with Keith the music? Or are you mixing those roles these days?
We don't do it like that anymore. When we first started we used to be very separate and I used to just write the words. Now we mix it up a lot and I write quite a lot of music and Keith writes some words here and there. He always did write a lot of the words but now it's more mixed up than ever. It's mixed up but in some senses it's separate. So some songs I wrote on my own and some songs he wrote on his own.
I always had the impression that Keith was the driving force behind the music of the Stones.
Not really. It used to be like that but as I say, it's now mixed up. We write some songs separately, on our own. But we don't like to say which is which because it's too complicated. It's a bit like taking out two girls and you say, "Well, your girlfriend didn't eat as much as mine." And you're paying different bills. So we just put it down the same, that we wrote them all because we can't be bothered to separate them.
That sounds very democratic between you and Keith.
Well it's democratic but it's also simple, you know. I mean it's much easier otherwise we'd probably argue about it. Now, as we know about it, we don't have to argue. So we don't. You see, if you look at a song, you can change it just by the way you arrange it. It's not only the writing or the words or the original music. Just by the arrangement itself you can change it. Like, if you change the time of the song from fast to slow, it becomes totally different. You have to approach it differently.
If you remember that was one of the arguments between Lennon and McCartney. I think they were fighting over certain records. Your system is similar but I suppose so long as there is an understanding between you and Keith, it will keep your relationship healthy.
Yeah. I think it's much easier if you just say, "Look we're going to just divide it like this." I mean if we were perhaps doing solo albums then it would be different. But on these tunes we all worked hard on them. So there's no point in separating them and saying "I wrote this and he wrote that." I don't even like to say which ones I wrote separately and which ones I didn't. But if you know, it should be pretty obvious. Some of them are real collaborations and some of them aren't.
Okay. You said that everything goes under "Jagger/Richards". So it could be true that Billy Preston wrote part of *Miss You* and wasn't credited?
No, not necessarily. I don't mean that. Anyone outside of Jagger/Richards, who wrote something, get's a credit. Ronnie gets a credit on *Dance*, you know. He wrote part of that so he gets credited.
I don't know if that's true because people have complained about it. In one interview Mick Taylor was arguing that he didn't get credited for two numbers (*Moonlight Mile* and *100 Years Old*).
Well, obviously he didn't write enough on them for me to give him a credit. But people always moan when they leave a band.
In your opinion, do you think the Stones is now as democratic as it perhaps was in the beginning?
It never was democratic, as far as I know. You know, you all get a vote but some people's votes count more than others.
Do you still take a vote?
No . . . Well, kind of. You just have to co-ordinate yourself a bit. It's a consensus rather than vote.
In the public eye I suppose Jagger and Richards seem a bit dictatorial. They get everything for themselves. Their own compositions and everything.
No-one else writes. Ronnie writes, like, one or two songs in a year or something.
But he writes with you.
Yeah he writes with me and with Keith.
Don't Charlie and Bill write?
They don't write anything. So what are you going to do?
They don't actually offer songs?
No they don't offer.
That's probably because they're used to being turned down.
I mean, they write songs but they aren't interested in offering anything. Old Charlie doesn't write anything. Bill writes occasionally.
What about the Glimmer Twins bit? Don't the others produce or co-produce?
Well, everybody has a go but it's mainly Keith and I who do the end work.
How much fun do you have these days in recording albums and gigging, because money you don't need.
Well, we all need a bit.
Get off. Surely at this stage you don't?
No. We all need a bit of money but that's not the point anyway. Yes, sure there's the fun element in it.
But how much fun is it? Does it become a strain in the end and all the fun goes out?
Sometimes it's very dull. But lots of times it's fun. You have to take the rough with the smooth, I mean, you're right, at times it gets boring, especially towards the end when you know all the material . . . all the songs. That end bit I don't like but the actual playing in the studio I really like.
It's the mixing and running from place to place and TWA mislaying your tapes . . .
They got lost for two days. That's the bit I really get bored with . . . the end bit till the record comes out, because when I'm finished I want it to be out and it doesn't happen like that . . . you go through like another month or two.

When you go into the studio, do you say "We want to do better this time than *Some Girls*? Is that the attitude you go into the studio with?
Well, I thought we had to make a good album, you know. I mean if you've got a success with the last one then you want to go in and do a good one. And if you have a failure with one then you want to go in and do better. But you always want to go in and do better. I think everyone is like that.
Do you like what you did on *Some Girls*?
Some of it I like quite a lot. Some of it isn't very good. But some if it is very good, so I wanted to do something hopefully as good. You don't say that every night but you think about it and you hope it's gonna be good.
Do you say "I want to give the fans the best of value. I want to give them the best because I think they deserve it after the long wait?" Or don't you think that much?
I think it's rubbish to say that. I mean, I just wanted to put out what I think is the best thing because I can't think for them. I mean I hope they like what I like because you can't condescend to them. You think like, "Oh! I know they're going to like this or that." It's what you like and your personal taste because there is no other way. How can you make a . . . if you're making this for a worldwide market, not America and England, which are the countries that I live in, how can I imagine what someone in Argentina or in Japan is going to like? I can't. So you have to go on your own personal tastes.
No, what I mean is like when you perform live, and you hear the response to a certain number, you can judge on what direction you can go on next time.
Yeah. You can get that feeling. It's fine, but I mean people also like to hear things live that they wouldn't mind hearing something else at home. It's different. Records and live shows are different things, you know. But yeah, you can get a response in that respect.
For that reason, when you go into the studio, do you ever want to catch the nice live atmosphere?
For some songs you do, yeah. Sometimes you want to do something just in one take, like *Dance*. And sometimes you want to do something like more with a studio feel and you can't really reproduce it on stage. But that's fine with me because you are using the studio as a tool to make something that you couldn't make on stage or that you can make on stage with a lot of equipment and work but which is easy to do in the studio. So there are those two ways to get there.
What I'm trying to sum up with all these questions is like an analysis of the songs, because I think the Stones now lack a technician in the band . . . the Stones lack a good technical guitarist. Critics have long been saying that the Stones are technically very weak. A real good technical guitarist is needed.
Don't expect me to fill the gap. I could fire one of them. You mean they don't play well enough? You mean basically they don't play enough solos? Is that what you're saying? I mean, I've never heard of it before. I think sometimes the same thing, but there's nothing I can do about it right now. I mean they have to be replaced. Or added to, you mean? Yeah — add a third person . . .
I don't know. Add a third person, maybe. Sack one of them, maybe, or tell the person about it, maybe.
Well they can't really change their style at this point I would have thought. I mean do you want someone like John McLaughlin or something?
No not necessarily that type, but . . .
He's quite good. I really like him. He's a good player.
Well, Wayne Perkins, for example, who played before with you. He was good.
Who? Well, only on one track.
Doesn't matter. He really pulled that track out. And so did Harvey Mandel.
He's a good player. I like playing with people like that. It's nice if you can have other people playing with you but that's the line-up of the group and it's still like that at the moment. It's probably a bit out of me to say anything about it really.
I don't know, because after all you are the producer or co-producer and you know what you're looking for.
Yeah, sometimes you can add someone. But I wouldn't like to add an extra guitarist right now.
If you look at *Some Girls* it's only got a couple of solos . . .
And they aren't good enough solos, you mean?
Yeah, and even on the live album and this one, *Emotional Rescue* there's only one short solo and it's dreadful.
Yeah. Maybe, I don't know. I don't really think about that, but anyway, maybe you should talk to Keith and Ronnie about it and not me.
Maybe. Are you happy that Ron is in the band?
Yeah. I don't know. You know, maybe he feels he should take more solos or be more proficient. I don't know. I'll mention it.
I head that he joined the band simply because he was a friend of Keith's. If that's true, that he joined because he is simply a friend and wasn't auditioned like other people, then that's surely no good for the betterment of the band.
Because he was a friend of mine actually. I don't think he's a friend of Keith's.
Doesn't he have any friends?
No.
Aaah! Poor man.
No anyway, now I know and I'll pass your message on.
But I won't get a reply.
Oh you might do.
Might. Mick Taylor was a good technician, he was good for making a song sound fuller. So, why did he leave?
He got bored. I think. But then he hasn't done anything since, except this one album, which took three to four years to make.
Unfortunately it's a horrible record.
It's awful. Pretty awful.
But he did a lot of good stuff with the Stones. He's the other person that, in my opinion, hasn't yet been replaced in the Stones. That's why you probably remix the albums so many times because there's so much missing in the recordings and you have to patch the record up.
Oh no, I don't think so.
Because of the lack of technical proficiency in the Stones playing.
No that's not true, I'm afraid. I wish it was. It would make it very easy. Yeah, but I mean that's just a sound that some people like and that other people don't like. A lot of people objected to Mick Taylor because there was too much just solo/rhythm. Keith got sort of lazy. He didn't play anything. You know what I mean? Like that kind of thing, and no-one seemed to like it at the time. And then now, that it doesn't exist, people will say "Well, I liked it." But they didn't like it very much at the time though. There were a lot of people who complained about it.
I don't believe that. Anyway you agree that Keith needs a good, supporting guitarist next to him and that on his own, he's not capable.
Yeah he does.
Who did you have on your list of guitarists when you lost Mick Taylor?
I can't remember. We tried . . . we played with a lot of people, but not a lot of them would have joined the band when we played with them. We played with Jeff Beck, Harvey Mandel . . . he's really proficient.
Jeff Beck said some nasty things about the Stones.
Yeah. I don't know if he did or not, but he's a really good player and a very nice person. I get on with him quite well. I've seen him a lot.
Maybe it's Jeff Beck for the Stones then. Brinsley Schwarz, you should have had on your list.
I don't know him. I think I heard him in New York on that session with Graham Parker.
I even get the feeling sometimes that it's often the outside musicians who keep the songs from falling apart. You've used a hell of a lot of guys on *Emotional Rescue*. There's Bobby Keyes again. Nicky Hopkins . . .
Yeah but there's not really that many other musicians on it. They're only playing little bits. No-one is really very featured. Bobby Keyes plays on one track and so does Nicky Hopkins. Sugar Blue plays on one track and a bit on another. We have a synthesizer player on two tracks. But there's not really that many other musicians.
I think there is. You've already mentioned five and then there is Jack Nitzsche, Ian Stewart. You have some guys on the album who played with you years ago. Why did you bring them back again?
Well, we always liked playing with those guys and they were available at the time. It is true what you say, that people like Bobby Keyes go back to '72. He's way back, but we didn't really record with any outside musicians at the same time the Stones played in the studio. They were mostly overdubbed. We recorded mostly on our own. Nicky came to NY at the last moment and he played on one cut. Ian Stewart is playing more than anyone else actually on this album. We usually have a keyboard player with us, but on this album everyone had a go at keyboards. Keith plays it on one or two tracks. Then afterwards I decided that we needed, like, this kind of piano or that kind of horns or whatever and we added those later. So it was just us playing the instruments at the beginning.
There was talk of Jean Michelle Jarre, of all people, joining you.
Yeah there was actually. I don't know who told you. I saw him in Paris playing at this festival they had on Bastille Day and he played at midnight on this big show. He's a very nice guy. But unfortunately by the time he got back from where he was touring, we'd finished our album. So we said that maybe in the future we'll do something together.
How well does the band get on with each other these days? As regards your relationship . . .
It's all right.
Any arguments?
Well a few, but most people who have worked together often do.
Was that thing in the press, about Bill Wyman leaving, a joke?
No I don't think it was. He seems to be quite serious about it, which is all right with me. I don't mind.
Did he speak to you?
No, not before he said it.
What about after? Did you phone him and say, "Hey what's this about?"
Yeah and he was sort of very non-committal. So I just figured he was really serious about it.
He's also got a solo album coming out on Red Lightning Records. It's a Montreaux album with Junior Wells and Buddy Guy.
I've no idea. I think I heard one track.
He usually releases records on Rolling Stones Records. Doesn't that bother you?
No. Why should it? No.
Are you also saying that if Charlie or Bill just walk out on you, that won't bother you?
Well. A bit . . . a bit. I don't think Charlie is going to leave. But if Bill wants to leave the band I mean that's okay with me. I'm not . . . I mean what can I do?
Talk to him and try and persuade him perhaps . . . prevent him from leaving.
Well, I don't know. You can't really. If people want to leave a band they just do. You don't prevent them.

You don't get on very well with Bill do you?
No, it's not that. We both have different approaches to things and we think differently about things. We also lead sort of different lifestyles. That's all.
The reason Bill gave was that he's 42 now and he can't see himself as a middle-aged rock 'n' roller.
Well, anyway that's his problem.
He said the Stones must quit now before they become a joke or something. They should quit while at the top.
Well, it's not boxing is it? If he thinks like that, it's all right. He's eight years older than I am. So he obviously feels different. When I'm that age I'm sure I'll feel different, but I don't feel like that now.
He also said that the Stones should quit now before they start getting criticised, which is stupid in a way because the Stones have always been criticised . . .
Yes, from the beginning. It was worse in the beginning than now. He has a different attitude, you see. That's all. And anyway I don't really know if he said all those things.
Are you thinking again about living in England, now the taxes are lower?
No. I don't want to live here all the time. I couldn't I just live here for a couple of months and that's enough. Then I spend three or four months in America and then the other time I travel. I don't like to live in one place for a long time. I like moving around. However, musically it's very interesting over here, far more than the States.
I heard that one of the reasons you don't like to live in England is because of the tabloid press.
Yes, it's one of the reasons I don't live here. I don't like it.
Did you ever imagine that you would be one of the most hounded persons in the world?
When I was a kid, you mean? No. I didn't think.
Why do they pick on you? They seem to leave McCartney in peace most of the time, but there again you do lead different lifestyles.
I don't know. They've got their own reasons. They don't know I'm here now because I'm only doing the music press. But they are really boring. I mean I just don't like to live like that. You can adapt your life to live with it but I'd rather live without it. So I go somewhere else. You can sort of control it but you can't really cut it out completely. Sometimes you have to accept it and deal with it. Then after a while you can't. If anything happens to you, they're after you.
Does it bother you that you can't go to places?
Yeah, but you can't . . . You can go anywhere you like. It's just what you do when you get there. But anyway, England is a very small country. It's too small. In the States you don't have the tabloid press like England. You don't have very much press at all and you can have a much more private life in the States than in England. So that's why I don't live here.
You don't like talking much about your private life, do you?
No I don't. I mean, so much rubbish has been written about it that I don't want to add more confusion to it by trying to correct it. If I talk about it, it will only add more to the rubbish.
Do you find it difficult to keep your image separate from your private life?
No, because everybody shows a different character on different occasions. It's different when you go out in the evening to when you're at work. But you know, I've always been associated with music. So it's probably more difficult for me to put on a different character on different occasions. I've never done anything else except play in a rock 'n' roll band. But people tend to distort your personality with your image. I'm sure you've heard that story before.

Both Keith and Ronnie were busted last year. Do you keep a good image youself these days in order to compensate for the bad image the others have?
Yeah I really do. I mean, I can keep myself out of all that, you know. I can misbehave very badly but without getting into anywhere. And I don't particularly want to get busted anymore. I don't want to get busted! It's so dull, and I've been through that. I'm finished with that and I want to do something else now, without getting busted.
Do you think that because of your reputation, people get the impression that you are an arrogant person?
Well anyone can be arrogant. It's easy. I mean some of us can get really arrogant with people. But it's a passing thing . . . just a glimpse of that. People would love to think that you're in a different mood. You have to show a different mood to every journalist otherwise you just get bored all day.
I'm not referring to journalists.
Oh just regular people? People who get in showbiz can be arrogant but they're not arrogant all the time. But I've forgotten how to be arrogant. How do you be arrogant? OK. Be arrogant. *(shouts)* One fake arrogance coming up. *(gestures)*
Paul McCartney was . . .
He's not arrogant, is he?
He was very upset because when he went to Japan and got busted the . . .
He thought that was arrogant?
No. People started writing in to the papers saying, "Just because he is Paul McCartney he can walk in . . ."
He can walk in Japan . . . yeah sure. Well he can try. *(laughs)* That's trying for arrogance. Not succeeding. Arrogance is succeeding.
But you don't want to give your fans the impression that you are arrogant. Do you?
I don't think I'm anything better or worse than anybody else, if that's what you mean.
You see, the things that people read about you in the papers is, like, "Mick Jagger had a go at so and so today. He also kicked a photographer." And so on.
Well I do that yeah.
The papers never say things like, "Mick Jagger did a good thing today and donated money to charity or something." It's always the bad stuff that makes the news.
Well no. We never talk about that hopefully.
We only hit photographers when they're really rude or if we're really bored. But they're fair game don't you think? That's not like hitting some old lady. I don't mind punching up photographers on the stret. It's quite fun sometimes, as long as you win. I've got a new method now. You don't actually knock the camera . . . you just knock the flash attachment off. It's much easier. It's always at night when the photographers come out after me. So you only have to knock the flash off. So now you say, "Let me see that camera." Then they show it to you because they think you're really interested. Then you just take the flash and break it, which is not very expensive. It's not like breaking the whole camera. And that's the end of the session.
So you've developed a technique?
A technique for taking the flash. You just break the glass by smashing it on the wall. That's the end of it. You don't have to break the camera. I used to break the whole camera or the lens or expose the film. Now I don't.

(Pic: Anton Corbijn/LFI)

> "They keep restructuring the record company. Every ten minutes the guy you were talking to yesterday is now sacked or sent off to Australia."

> "The Police are not even new for India."

> "The Chinese seem genuinely interested in having Western Rock music, though they don't know what it is."

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MADNESS...

Well, it's a living...

Along with The Specials and The Selecter, MADNESS are front runners in the English blue beat/ska revival. But the public wants the crazy stage antics as much as their music — and DANNY BAKER finds that the strain of being nutty is beginning to tell.

"Hey; hey ho, it's off to be compulsively wierd we go." (Pic: Jill Furmannowsky/LFI)

Graham McPherson aka Suggs (Pic: Cathy Croll)

Chas Smash has come a thousand miles since he changed his name and went overboard in trying to quell the jealousy he felt when Graham McPherson — who as Suggs is the other half of The Coco Brothers — grabbed the attention that he thought should rightfully be his. Hi's an original. A genius amongst the half-realised, half-baked, half-witted 9 to 5 Mr Tepids that parade as bona fide rock performers. The first star of 2-Tone, a chap who raised stage invasion to a fine art and then made the pitch his own. No guitars, no voice but a genuine *Top Of The Pops* hero, a true British street parallel to that Travolta Johnny from *Saturday Night Fever*.

And no fool, t'boot. He fooled me right up to the time I met him, but you'll find no thick-head leader qualities here. Just a bizarre and dry wit, tired of explaining his method of madness. I never got close to him at all really, but close enough to decipher part of the joke.

Madness are spread around the ATV Studios in Brum, waiting to give a plug to their new album, *Absolutely*. Only they and The Beat managed to crawl along the skirting board to get out of the room when 2-Tone finally painted itself into a corner — Selecter tailing off and The Specials content to perform sardonic party pieces for the dope set.

Madness' nutty angles on mundanities, love and dancebeat are condemned as irrelevance by those who see nothing but unflinching 'truth' and bleakness as interpreted by long-faced, longer-winded poetic buffoons from bedsitland. A pox on these Dory Previn and Dartmoor realists. So long as a band like Madness can thrive, there's hope for every screwed-up, frustrated warehouse-working school-leaver. Let's face it, nobody wants to escape from work and The Fall, do they?

Last night they'd had a re-union with old friends The Specials at the latter's gig in Coventry. The party afterwards nearly caused the Coco Brothers to miss their TV date.

"You shoulda come to that party," says Smash to me as he rummages through a teachest of jackets trying to create an ocular treat for TV. "I mean, we're s'posed to be nutty but The Specials — they frighten *me* sometimes. I ain't slept... I ain't even had a chance to get me boots off. Look at them." We both peer at his footwear. "It's all just *cooking* in there."

Resigned to playing a minor part in the band's proceedings, bass player Mark Bedford watches Lenny Henry fool around for the grown-ups on a monitor outside the studio. He looks about fifteen years old. I wondered how America has responded to the sound.

"Zilch response and non shifting of units is how record companies put it. We did loads and loads of small clubs but when you play somewhere like Portland, Oregon, it's all pointless. During our set everyone was playing pool and songs get lost against the sound of sinking eight-balls. We just jumped off stage in the end. Then again, big places take us well — like we own half of Boston. They said Mick Jagger saw us in New York, but it must have been for five minutes to prove he's the hippest dude in town."

Back in the dressing room Suggs and Smash are having serious talks on how to avoid getting wet and wretched on the snow. Smash is 'doing his vanity bit' with cold water and a portable hair dryer.

"I tell ya, Suggs, Sally James weaves the safest path — stick with old Sal." He stops the grooming and

leans close to the mirror, eyeing his complexion. "Bollocks. You think you're OK and when you look again you're all spots and eruptions."

Guitarist Chris Foreman is wondering aloud whether it might have been an idea to have brought his four-year old son up for the day. Suggs then encourages Chas to seek out some proper stage clothes in a real search. In Wardrobe they rummage through various tatty jackets and hats like they had nothing else to wear. Suggs settles quickly for a mac and straw hat — in the Coco Brothers partnership he's the outwardly saner one. Chas is about to be further transformed. The cropped hair and dark glasses on that carthorse frame already lend him menace but once he's decided on a silver stars-and'stripes top hat, crows-feet jacket and clown's red nose, his appearance becomes frankly disturbing. Only the Navy trousers tucked into high-leg Martens stop the garb from being totally ludicrous.

Smash is getting out of control, so great is his satisfaction at finding the right sartorial outfit for his mood. "I THINK A WALKING STICK!" He twists and turns for Anton's camera and the mirror. "Oh what, am I cracking away or what here? Absolutely fearless, my friends, absolutely fearless." He discovers a baseball bat and an even fuller mirror. The banshee screams. "WHOOOHOOO! FEARLESS! CAPTAIN ACID STRIKES BACK!! STROLL ON!!"

Suggsy pulls his arm and reminds him that they're due on camera. Chas strides down the corridor endeavouring to extract the full weirdometer out of anyone that walks past.

Sally James, the unctuous, bubbling, jolly hockey stick herself, is waiting with a clip-board behind the *Tiswas* set. She barely tolerates the Coco Brothers' childish nerve.

"And you're going to wear that arrangement, are you?" she grins. Smash and Suggs stare her full in the face as she bumbles through what format the 'interview' will take. "Any special subjects you'd like me to touch on?" she asks. Chas bends to her face level. "Tempremental artistes. Decadence and the Perils of Not Taking Acid." Suggs chips in, "Also our 12 shows at Christmas for the kids." James trys to cope with the crazy requests by trooping on with fingers crossed. In a minute they'll burst out laughing and say "We had you worried there, didn't we, Sally?!" Of course they don't — the acid gag is too ripe to be discarded just yet. Sal gets herself a white wine and prepares to soldier on.

The spot itself was the usual shambles with much incoherent laughing and 'wise-cracks' from the resident team off camera. Sal nearly walked into it when, referring to the band's new video, she asked "whether the boys were really into flying."

Chas couldn't hold back.

"We most certainly do love flying, Sal, especially since brushing with the psyched — ah, well, it don't matter." He checked himself in time, remembering that his game was with the schoolyard parents of *Tiswas* Senior, and not with being hip for kids' viewing time.

Madness prefer to perform to under-sixteens. Suggs said why they do these kids-only concerts. "I s'pose it's as much for our benefit as the kids' - y'know, we can get really stupid. But kids are entitled to it. You always see them crushed at the very front or more often stuck outside unable to get in. When it's all kids they go completely loony. They've got no preconceptions or ideas about being super cool. They're just great gigs."

The rush of appearing on live TV began to ebb from the Madness skulls and they individually started to drift away from the studios. (Madness don't socialise a great deal as a unit.) Even the Coco Brothers began to slide down from the last speedy 24 hours. But they couldn't resist walking through the shopping centre still in full costume. Even the obligatory cluster of skinheads made no comment on these two nutters idling toward the station — it was impossible to gauge their measure.

On the platform, they signed some of their ridiculously long and never repeated autographs for two young boys who'd "joost seen yoos on the teleeh". The train arrived and the sighs were abundant in the first class compartment — Stiff were paying.

It must be a strain to be one of the Coco Brothers.

Suggs: "Yeah, yeah it is. Specially in foreign countries where they expect you to be nutty and stuff at eight in the morning."

Chas: "Yeah, all these French idiots saying 'now please put on your ska suits and be nutty'. To be quite honest there are times when they demand the doo-dah and want you to act like a plum when you get to feel it's all too oppressive. Oppressive. It's not something that you can just turn on so it turns out that there are only two sorts of Madness show — either brilliant or just shit. The only kinds."

Suggs: "I remember that photo session the other day, right, Carl? When we were just drained of nutty ideas for things to do. Then you get a lot of people saying it's all just a joke. Reviews of our album that half-way apologise for liking it. We don't actually have any point, except we can really entertain."

Chas: "Mainly ourselves..."

Suggs: "Like they say though, it's better than gardening, which we have done."

It must seem like a whirlwind, the last couple of years.

Chas: "Unbelievable. So quick, done so much, I just can't fuckin' believe it."

Suggs: "I remember last Christmas like it was yesterday."

Chas: "Yeah, me too. (Pause) Hold up — no I don't."

How do you like rock music?

Suggs: "It's good to be in. But I think it's stupid to start talking about other groups because, well, someone like Fleetwood Mac... it's obvious they don't understand any better."

Chas: "Fuckin' Pink Floyd as well. I was working down Brick Road clearing out a load of their old films and most of 'em were like hour-long films of an apple decomposing. A group like that are just spark-out throwing their fucking parties."

Suggs: "So when we started we never made a big thing about 'doin' it for the people,' y'know, it was basically for ourselves."

Chas: "When we first started I'd call meself Chas and wear the shades and the hat because I was after the attention Suggs was getting. But now I get all the attention and I don't particularly want it. The nuttiness is done for meself as much as anything. Money matters to me now. I never could understand all these people saying they were never in it for the money. What's that all about? We're working right?"

You seem to work at it harder than most, in fact.

Chas: "I'd like to see us get more theatrical — more comedy."

Suggs: "Yeah, but see, it's so hard to get an idea that is great visually without being poncified with lights and smoke and that."

Chas: "See and another thing is — I don't want all this to fold up tomorrow and I ain't learnt anything. I don't want to waste my time, ever, so I'm learning to play bass, trumpet and sax — Christ knows, we get enough time out on the road to learn. You've got to be constructive."

Suggs: "Could you imagine us at 30 leaping around the stage?"

'Embarrassment' on the LP is the best thing you've done. More Motown, less ska.

Suggs: "Well, look, if you read any of our old interviews you'll see that we were mostly into Motown stuff. I mean just reggae and I had to go and read all these Trojan liner notes so I could come back and say 'Oh, yeah, Prince Buster, this and that'..."

Did you plan all the nutty thing?

Chas: "That was just a natural progression really. It just happened."

Does it often not happen?

Suggs: "I still get nerves a lot 'fore we go on."

Chas: "The worst is when the crowd is bunch of plugs. I'll look up to him half way through and go —"

Suggs: "Fuckin' hell — "

Chas: "... we're half-way, Suggs, we're half-way through."

Suggs: "Once *The Prince* comes along you're alright, you're nearly there. But some nights you're up there in yer silly suit and going nutty and the crowd just stare and you think 'fuucckk mee'..."

Do you ever feel like quitting?

Chas: "Course ya do — it's bound to happen, but you have to shake it off. I mean, where would I be now if it weren't fer all this?"

Suggs: "Certainly not coming from Birmingham first class, wearing a stupid hat and nose."

Chas: "In the end, the point is remembering that geezer at school who told you 'learn now, my lad, it isn't going to be a bunch of cherries when you get out, you know'. I think of all that and just do not know what I would have been doing right now... if I weren't being nutty in Madness."

The Coco Brothers exchanged small talk about where would be the next point of crack attack tonight. Suggs said he thought that it was best to go easy after last night's marathon with The Specials, but Chas was back in party mood.

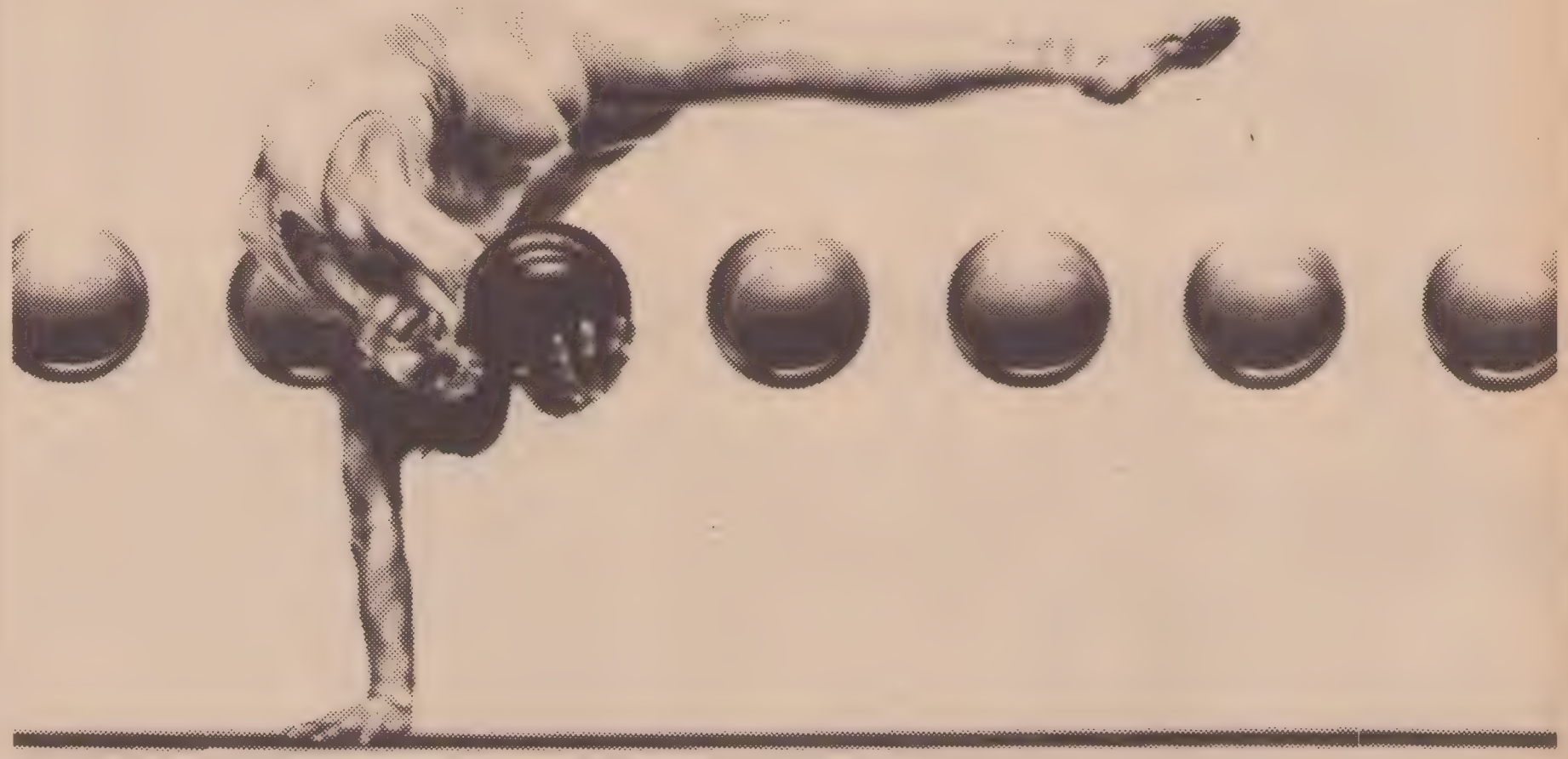
"Come on, Uncle Suggs, the only way to do it is to do it all over again tonight." And you bet they did.

But I wonder how often it is that Carl Smith surfaces, revealing the bloke I glimpsed just before we pulled into Euston. With Suggsy resting his eyes for a minute, Chas took the top hat from his head, removed the claustrophobic clown's hooter and wiped the greasepaint from his chin. He looked over at me and ruffled some fresh air into his sweaty crop.

"Sometimes," he said, "I get so sick of all this shit". And the mask fell to the floor...

(Pic: Simon Fowler/LFI)

SHERBS THE SKILL



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"It's not fair - you're always on top, Daryl!" (Pic: Ian Greene)

"Now, now boys - Auntie Rita says no squabbling." (Pic: M. Putland/LFI)

DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES/ THE DUGITES (Capitol Theatre Sydney)

A degree of expectation hovered over the Capitol Theatre for the Daryl Hall & John Oates concert. First off, just what sort of concert would it be: laid-back blue-eyed soul or rich boy rock'n'roll? Second, and of course related, just what songs would the duo play from the ten or so albums they have released through the '70s? Not many artists have as much original material to draw on as these two do.

These questions would have to wait for resolution until after the Dugites support set. And what a good set it was. This Perth band, definitely the best thing to come out of WA since Dennis Lillee, showed exactly why they have made such a big impression both on record and live in the eastern states - their songs.

Numbers such as *In My Car, Mama Didn't Warn Me About This, South Pacific, Amusing* and *Don't Say No To A UFO,* demonstrated their concise snappy approach. Melodies that linger, clever arrangements, an energetic frontperson in Lynda Nutter, who really does look as though she's enjoying herself, and an overall intelligence that is conveyed in both their material and their brilliantly simple backdrop. One huge venetian blind with their name scrawled upon it and backlit with a variety of colours.

The Dugites original blend of '60s girl group pop on a rhythmic base of '70s Eurodisco should take them far. The audience seemed to think so too and the band received a strong ovation from the predominantly young middle class audience.

From the moment Daryl Hall and John Oates hit the stage and broke into *How Does It Feel To Be Back* from the latest LP, all questions and doubts were suspended. This was going to be a high-energy concert designed to give everybody a good time. All else was irrelevant.

There was no doubt either as to whose concert it was. Daryl Hall was the main man. Whether playing guitar or keyboards (or even one bar of trombone!), or just jiving with a mike, Daryl was the centre of attention. His vocal tour-de-forces on the old classic *Sweet Soul Music* and *Do What You Want, Be What You Are* were outstanding as he swooped and wailed over an amazing vocal range. Daryl Hall is definitely one of the most underrated singers in the rock biz.

One of the surprising aspects of seeing the duo live was the minor part John Oates plays, considering he gets equal billing with Hall. He only sang lead on two songs and in between was content to play rhythm guitar and provide harmony vocals. His is definitely a supportive role.

Of the 16 songs they ripped up, the emphasis naturally was on the latest album, *Voices,* which supplied six of the numbers. Of these *Gotta Lotta Nerve* and *Kiss On My List* were the standouts. The big hits *Rich Girl, She's Gone* and *Sara Smile* were mandatory and *She's Gone* in particular shone brightly. It was a pleasure too to hear the title song from Hall's solo LP *Sacred Songs.*

Strangely their three albums before *Voices* were meagrely represented. From *Beauty On A Back Street* and *Along The Red Ledge* there was nothing and *X-Static* provided only one, *Wait For Me.*

Hall and Oates didn't do it all by themselves - they were backed by a top four-piece band, especially Kenny Passarelli on bass and Charlie DeChant on keyboards, sax and harmony vocals. Some of Charlie's sax solos, when he jived through the audience displaying a wide range of technical tricks, almost stole the show.

In summary, we were treated to some blue-eyed soul, some charging rock'n'roll, some pretty melodies, and the irrepressible showmanship of Daryl Hall. A more professional concert Sydney hasn't seen for a long while, and there'll be many who'll be eagerly awaiting their return judging from the ecstatic response of the audience that night.

Kent Goddard

RITA COOLIDGE with BOOKER T. JONES/SINCLAIR BROS. (Capitol Theatre, Sydney)

"Can you be at the Capitol by eight . . .? Booker T and Rita Coolidge." The editor's voice on the end of the phone left no room for argument. I knew what was ahead and there was no avoiding it - a theatre full of trendy young advertising executives and their wives, taking in a whole evening of pure American soul/funk. At least they'll do it well, I consoled myself on the way into town. I'm not the world's greatest soul enthusiast.

The Sinclair Brothers made up what was loosely termed the Australian *half* of the show - enough to warm the heart of the most patriotic onlooker. They may not have been the finest musicians to appear all evening but they weren't far behind. The presentation was slick, if a little contrived, and brothers Wayne and John have enlisted the aid of quite a proficient little band. The whole set up has improved out of sight in the past six months. A couple of their songs sounded a bit *too* like Supertramp and most of them (the new single included), a bit *too* like The Beatles but, for those of us without an unswerving dedication to soul/funk, they were great and, sheer entertainment-wise, perhaps the best thing that happened all night. The audience clapped a lot, whistled a little and made a hasty retreat to the bar as soon as the house lights heralded intermission.

Next on the bill was Booker T and a set jam-packed with all the old favourites *(What A Fool Believes, Trying Love Again)* plus a couple of newies *(Cookie).* By no stretch of the imagination could you call Booker a showman but that was adequately made up for by his two big black female companions, who never stopped smiling and swaying as they rendered some of the most perfect harmonies imaginable. The band were very cool, laid-back, masters of their trade. No one had much to offer visually but musically it was an evening of quality. Nor was quantity the order of the night. The sets were short - just enough to whet the palate without leaving time for the audience to start wondering how long 'til intermission - and the concert finished early; no later than 11.

After Booker T came Rita Coolidge, the real star of the show, who strutted up and down the stage batting heavily kajaled eyes at anything that moved. But that girl can sing - really sing. By herself, with the big black ladies or with Booker, it was the same mellow, sweet voice throughout. Once again, she didn't win any prizes for *showmanship* that night but there was no questioning anyone's musical virtuosity.

All in all, it was an evening of class: Top musicians playing near faultlessly and putting on a fairly good show to boot.

Samantha Trenoweth

THE MODELS (Crystal Ballroom, Melbourne)

Watching The Models live is an unpredictable experience. The thing about them is that they are so damned inconsistent. The frustration is augmented by the fact that The Models have been responsible for some of the best performances I have seen in this town.

The most memorable was the first gig they played after reforming, on New Years Eve. On that night they stretched themselves to new heights of hot and sweaty rock'n'roll. The Crystal weathered a beating that night. The whole place shook so precariously that I expected the stage to collapse. By the end of the night I thought *I* was going to collapse.

Then on other times I've seen the boys and they were so nonchalant in their attitude that they destroyed it. I had the impression that they would rather be at home watching the teev.

Whatever the changing morale may be within the ranks of the band, it seemed to have reached a high point when I caught them recently at the home of some of their greatest conquests. Perhaps it was the fact that they were on familiar turf to a crowd of the faithful that inspired them.

Whatever the reason they showed that they still had the clout. They looked fast and lean. Frontman, Sean Kelly was throwing himself into it with such a vengeance that he inspired the band to give their best. Since I had last seen them there have been a few changes in the repertoire. Gone are some of the old standards, most notably *Golden Arches.* Still, the new material has been worked in nicely so that the band has not suffered at all.

The rhythm section is the highlight of this band. Mark Ferrie plays bass in such a great heavy-handed fashion that you wonder how the instrument stands up to his abuse. On percussion, Johnny Crash keeps one eye planted on Ferrie, trying to keep up to his every move. On keyboards, Andrew Duffield throws in some nice colourations to counter the freneticism of the other three.

The rollicking *Pull The Pin* is a live favourite, Ferrie singing with a sinister leer. From the soon to be released album they feature a handful of songs. *2 People Per Square Kilometre* is one of those songs that captures the full force of the band. It's invigorating rock and roll. Some of their other better numbers, like *Strategic Air Command* and *Young Rodents* show the band's unique ability at combining dread with a certain amount of black humour.

The Models can also be the best fun band around when they want to be. Their party humour comes to the fore on songs like *Pate Pedestrian, Happy Birthday I.B.M.* and *Kissing Around Corners,* all of which have a nice sixties surf music feel to them, thanks to Duffield's evocative playing.

The night? A success, no worries there. I'll keep following the band. Now is the time to catch them. I mean the album which is going to be released in a few weeks just might make them into stars, or something.

Douglas James

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Charts

Sting mixes Zenyatta Cocktail. (Pic: Bob King)

OZ

Singles

1	(1)	UPSIDE DOWN	Diana Ross
2	(2)	MORE THAN I CAN SAY	Leo Sayer
3	(3)	ASHES TO ASHES	David Bowie
4	(4)	BABOOSHKA	Kate Bush
5	(5)	FAME	Irene Cara
6	(6)	ECHO BEACH	Martha & The Muffins
7	(10)	THE WINNER TAKES IT ALL	Abba
8	(17)	•DREAMIN'	Cliff Richard
9	(15)	•YOU SHOOK ME ALL NIGHT LONG	AC/DC
10	(18)	•GIVE ME THE NIGHT	George Benson
11	(13)	EVERYBODY'S GOT TO LEARN SOMETIME	The Korgis
12	(9)	ALL OUT OF LOVE	Air Supply
13	(20)	•LIFE AT THE OUTPOST	Skatt Bros.
14	(34)	•WOMAN IN LOVE	Barbra Streisand
15	(21)	•HE'S SO SHY	Pointer Sisters
16	(23)	•SINGING IN THE 80'S	The Monitors
17	(11)	WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU	The Romantics
18	(14)	IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE	Mac Davis
19	(7)	MOSCOW	Genghis Khan
20	(8)	XANADU	Olivia Newton-John/ Electric Light Orchestra
21	(12)	FALLIN' IN LOVE (BEIN' FRIENDS)	Rocky Burnette
22	(29)	•MASTER BLASTER	Stevie Wonder
23	(16)	EMOTIONAL RESCUE	The Rolling Stones
24	(19)	COME AROUND	Mental As Anything
25	(22)	PRIVATE IDAHO	The B-52's
26	(26)	TWO FACES HAVE I	Ol' 55
27	(39)	WE CAN GET TOGETHER	Flowers
28	(25)	MODERN GIRL	James Freud And The Radio Stars
29	(28)	LET'S GET SERIOUS	Jermaine Jackson
30	(32)	CLANCY OF THE OVERFLOW	Wallis and Matilda
31	(—)	HOW DO YOU TALK TO BOYS	Sharon O'Neill
32	(—)	THE WANDERER	Donna Summer
33	(33)	ONE DAY IN SEPTEMBER	The Two Man Band
34	(37)	LATE IN THE EVENING	Paul Simon
35	(35)	SHANDI	Kiss
36	(—)	INTO THE NIGHT	Benny Mardones
37	(24)	FUNKYTOWN	Lipps, Inc.
38	(—)	BABY GET AWAY	Christie Allen
39	(—)	GENERALS AND MAJORS	XTC

Albums

1	(1)	SCARY MONSTERS	David Bowie
2	(2)	BACK IN BLACK	AC/DC
3	(9)	PARIS	Supertramp
4	(4)	FAME	Motion Picture Soundtrack
5	(3)	EAST	Cold Chisel
6	(7)	GIVE ME THE NIGHT	George Benson
7	(5)	XANADU	Motion Picture Soundtrack
8	(6)	THE BOYS LIGHT UP	Australian Crawl
9	(28	•GUILTY	Barbra Streisand
10	(16)	•NEVER FOR EVER	Kate Bush
11	(8)	STARDUST	Willie Nelson
12	(10)	GLASS HOUSES	Billy Joel
13	(12)	WILD PLANET	The B-52's
14	(24)	•LIVING IN A FANTASY	Leo Sayer
15	(11)	CAN'T STOP THE MUSIC	Soundtrack/Village People
16	(17)	UNMASKED	Kiss
17	(15)	ONE TRICK PONY	Paul Simon
18	(22)	•ONE STEP CLOSER	Doobie Brothers
19	(13)	EMOTIONAL RESCUE	The Rolling Stones
20	(26)	•DIANA	Diana Ross
21	(21)	LOST IN LOVE	Air Supply
22	(14)	FLESH & BLOOD	Roxy Music
23	(20)	HOLD OUT	Jackson Browne
24	(18)	MIDDLE MAN	Boz Scaggs
25	(19)	1980 ... THE MUSIC	Various Artists
26	(23)	THE SWING OF DELIGHT	Devadip Carlos Santana
27	(25)	UNCOVERED	John Farnham
28	(31)	VOICES	Daryl Hall & John Oates
29	(36)	•THE NUMBERS	The Numbers
30	(30)	TELEKON	Gary Numan
31	(27)	ME MYSELF I	Joan Armatrading
32	(29)	PANORAMA	The Cars
33	(33)	FREEDOM OF CHOICE	Devo
34	(34)	BLACK SEA	XTC
35	(37)	URBAN COWBOY	Motion Picture Soundtrack
36	(—)	SIGNING OFF	UB40
37	(32)	BROKEN ENGLISH	Marianne Faithfull
38	(35)	THE DUGITES	The Dugites
39	(39)	21 AT 33	Elton John
40	(—)	HEARTATTACK AND VINE	Tom Waits

UK

Singles

1	(1)	DON'T STAND SO CLOSE TO ME	Police
2	(5)	BAGGY TROUSERS	Madness
3	(3)	D.I.S.C.O.	Ottowan
4	(2)	MASTERBLASTER	Stevie Wonder
5	(4)	MY OLD PIANO	Diana Ross
6	(20)	•IF YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR A WAY OUT	Odyssey
7	(7)	AMIGO	Black Slate
8	(27)	•AND THE BIRDS WERE SINGING	Sweet People
9	(24)	•WHEN YOU ASK ABOUT LOVE	Matchbox
10	(14)	KILLER ON THE LOOSE	Thin Lizzy
11	(19)	•TROUBLE	Gillan
12	(25)	•WOMAN IN LOVE	Barbra Streisand
13	(6)	ONE DAY I'LL FLY AWAY	Randy Crawford
14	(22)	•STEREOTYPE	Specials
15	(—)	•WHAT YOU'RE PROPOSING	Status Quo
16	(9)	SEARCHING	Change
17	(11)	THREE LITTLE BIRDS	Bob Marley
18	(10)	CASANOVA	Coffee
19	(16)	I GOT YOU	Split Enz
20	(17)	FEELS LIKE I'M IN LOVE	Kelly Marie
21	(18)	LOVE X LOVE	George Benson
22	(8)	ANOTHER ONE BITES THE DUST	Queen
23	(—)	•ENOLA GAY	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
24	(—)	•ARMY DREAMERS	Kate Bush
25	(29)	PARTY LIGHTS	Gap Band
26	(13)	YOU'RE LYING	Linx
27	(—)	SHE'S SO COLD	Rolling Stones
28	(30)	GOTTA PULL MYSELF TOGETHER	Nolans
29	(15)	IT'S ONLY LOVE/BEYOND THE REEF	Elvis Presley
30	(12)	I OWE YOU ONE	Shalamar

Albums

1	(4)	ZENYATTA MONDATTA	Police
2	(8)	•ABSOLUTELY	Madness
3	(1)	SCARY MONSTERS	David Bowie
4	(2)	NEVER FOREVER	Kate Bush
5	(—)	•GUILTY	Barbra Streisand
6	(3)	MOUNTING EXCITEMENT	Various
7	(5)	THE VERY BEST OF DON McLEAN	Don McLean
8	(12)	MANILOW MAGIC	Barry Manilow
9	(10)	MORE SPECIALS	Specials
10	(11)	BREAKING GLASS	Hazel O'Connor
11	(14)	PARIS	Supertramp
12	(8)	SIGNING OFF	UB40
13	(—)	•TRIUMPH	Jacksons
14	(26)	•MIDNIGHT DYNAMOS	Matchbox
15	(6)	NOW WE MAY BEGIN	Randy Crawford
16	(13)	GIVE ME THE NIGHT	George Benson
17	(16)	TELEKON	Gary Numan
18	(15)	FLESH & BLOOD	Roxy Music
19	(7)	I'M NO HERO	Cliff Richard
20	(—)	•DIANA	Diana Ross
21	(30)	•I AM WOMAN	Various
22	(18)	GOLD	The Three Degrees
23	(24)	A TOUCH OF LOVE	Gladys Knight & The Pips
24	(—)	•PAULINE MURRAY & THE INVISIBLE GIRLS	Sky
25	(21)	SKY 2	Sky
26	(27)	BACK IN BLACK	AC/DC
27	(17)	THE ABSOLUTE GAME	Skids
28	(28)	THE LOVE ALBUM	Various
29	(29)	THE GAME	Queen
30	(—)	BLACK SEA	XTC

US

Singles

1	(1)	ANOTHER ONE BITES THE DUST	Queen
2	(3)	WOMAN IN LOVE	Barbra Streisand
3	(2)	UPSIDE DOWN	Diana Ross
4	(7)	I'M ALRIGHT (THEME FROM CADDYSHACK)	Kenny Loggins
5	(5)	DRIVIN' MY LIFE AWAY	Eddie Rabbitt
6	(4)	LOOKIN' FOR LOVE	Johnny Lee
7	(12)	•HE'S SO SHY	Pointer Sisters
8	(10)	REAL LOVE	The Doobie Brothers
9	(9)	XANADU	Olivia Newton-John/ Electric Light Orchestra
10	(17)	•THE WANDERER	Donna Summer
11	(6)	ALL OUT OF LOVE	Air Supply
12	(22)	•LADY	Kenny Rogers
13	(16)	JESSE	Carly Simon
14	(15)	LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME	Boz Scaggs
15	(8)	GIVE ME THE NIGHT	George Benson
16	(18)	NEVER KNEW LOVE LIKE THIS BEFORE	Stephanie Mills
17	(20)	DREAMIN'	Cliff Richard
18	(21)	I'M COMING OUT	Diana Ross
19	(23)	MASTER BLASTER (JAMMIN')	Stevie Wonder
20	(13)	LATE IN THE EVENING	Paul Simon
21	(11)	FAME	Irene Cara
22	(30)	•DREAMER	Supertramp
23	(28)	•WHIP IT	Devo
24	(25)	MIDNIGHT ROCK	Al Stewart
25	(26)	WHO'LL BE THE FOOL TONIGHT	Larsen-Feiten Band
26	(27)	HOW DO I SURVIVE	Amy Holland
27	(29)	ON THE ROAD AGAIN	Willie Nelson
28	(—)	LOVELY ONE	The Jacksons
29	(—)	YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVIN' FEELING	Daryl Hall & John Oates
30	(—)	LET ME BE YOUR ANGEL	Stacy Lattisaw

Albums

1	(2)	XANADU	Original Soundtrack
2	(7)	•GUILTY	Barbra Streisand
3	(3)	DIANA	Diana Ross
4	(1)	THE GAME	Queen
5	(4)	URBAN COWBOY	Original Soundtrack
6	(10)	ONE STEP CLOSER	Doobie Brothers
7	(6)	HOLD OUT	Jackson Browne
8	(8)	CRIMES OF PASSION	Pat Benatar
9	(9)	PANORAMA	The Cars
10	(11)	HONEYSUCKLE ROSE	Original Soundtrack
11	(5)	EMOTIONAL RESCUE	Rolling Stones
12	(12)	GIVE ME THE NIGHT	George Benson
13	(14)	BACK IN BLACK	AC/DC
14	(13)	ONE TRICK PONY	Paul Simon
15	(17)	ALIVE	Kenny Loggins
16	(—)	•PARIS	Supertramp
17	(15)	CHRISTOPHER CROSS	Christopher Cross
18	(18)	FAME	Original Soundtrack
19	(21)	WILD PLANET	The B52's
20	(20)	AGAINST THE WIND	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
21	(19)	GLASS HOUSES	Billy Joel
22	(23)	T.P.	Teddy Pendergrass
23	(26)	BEATING THE ODDS	Molly Hatchet
24	(28)	AUDIO-VISIONS	Kansas
25	(29)	ZAPP	Zapp
26	(16)	DRAMA	Yes
27	(27)	FULL MOON	The Charlie Daniels Band
28	(24)	ANYTIME, ANYPLACE, ANYWHERE	Rossington Collins
29	(—)	SCARY MONSTERS	David Bowie
30	(25)	SHINE ON	L.T.D.

Vinyl Sing

Sadly, the Hendrix review arrived too late - we'll save it for Christmas.

Expectation Dilemma

THE POLICE
Zenyatta Mondatta (A&M)

It must be so *awful* being a pop star with musical credibility. You've got to deliver Product and you've got to deliver Ever Increasing Genius, and you've got to do it before Christmas. After two albums and a spectacular rise to prominence which involves huge amounts of touring, your musical inspiration desperately needs rest'n'recreation; instead career momentum sweeps you into the studio, leaves you stranded while managers, accountants, producers and record company execs peer anxiously at you through the double windows.

Popsters with no musical pretensions can happily retread old hokum; musicians with no charisma can be as progressive as they like till the budget's withdrawn. But The Police have so many expectations to satisfy ... it must be awful.

Zenyatta Mondatta isn't; but neither is it a knockout to cap *Outlandos d'Amour* and *Regatta de Blanc*. The urgency and vigor of *Roxanne, Can't Stand Losing You* or *Message In A Bottle* has dissipated, while the majestically spacious instrumental sections that made numbers like *Walking On The Moon* so vibrant seem to have been leveled. At the same time, there's no radical departures in the feel department, though the reggae influences have been now so thoroughly digested as to be untraceable: The Police rhythm approach is very much their own and the heart of their uniqueness.

Don't Stand So Close To Me opens the album; a suggestive tale of a teacher-pupil relationship, it establishes whom you're listening to immediately (which is probably one good reason for its choice as First Single). *Driven To Tears* is even stronger, though Sting's muted delivery almost understates the conscience-berating of an affluent observer of Third World misery. Already some critics have damned this as cheap sentiment, but how much breast must the man beat? *'Hide my face in my hands/ Shame wells in my throat/Our comfortable existence is reduced to a shallow, meaningless party':* that's no self-sparing.

On the other hand, the next track, *When The World Is Running Down, You Make The Best Of What's Still Around* doesn't do anything with its potentially political message, though the music, based round Summers long ringing chords is economical and striking. *Canary In A Coalmine is* something of a departure in feel, a buoyant up tempo number with obvious single possibilities, but the last two on the side, Sting's *Voices Inside My Head* and Copeland's *Bomb's Away,* are far from exciting.

Side two opens with Sting lamenting the 'escape of eloquence': *All I want to say to you is De Do Do Do, De Da Da Da,* and that's all he says, alright. Catchy enough - from the neck down. *Behind My Camel* is Summers only writing credit on the album: a dreary instrumental, its inclusion would have more to do with royalty-dredging than making a top record.

Man In A Suitcase is the overt remnant of the ska/reggae connection, and reworks the old theme of gee-it's-so-tough-living-out-of-a-suitcase in a fairly perfunctory fashion. *Shadows In The Rain* is like a mid-section to one of their classics - say, *Message In A Bottle* - without a song in it. And Copeland's *The Other Way Of Stopping* is a marginally better instrumental than *Behind My Camel,* but its inclusion is similarly suspect.

The playing and production are of the usual high standard, with Copeland in particular shining through. Sting's vocals are embedded in the mix rather than prominent: not much passion or inflexion gets through.

As the Police *are* pop stars, this record will sell like crazy, and fans with short memories will probably find it satisfying. But since their first two albums and their Oz tour revealed some inspiring ideas, a brilliant approach to trio playing, and some great songs, one wonders if *they* wonder about *Zenyatta Mondatta.* I wouldn't mind waiting for Superbo de Polica.

Greg Taylor

STEVE FORBERT
Little Stevie Orbit (Epic)

When Steve Forbert's first album *Alive on Arrival* was released in '78, the critics were caught off guard. The youthful singer-songwriter from Meridian, Mississippi, was like the proverbial breath of fresh air. Comparisons with Bob Dylan and Bruce Springsteen flew thick and fast.

Reviewers were less whole-heartedly enthusiastic about the follow-up, *Jackrabbit Slim.* The more ambitious musical arrangements seemed to have put paid to the spontaneity, and lyrically, the album lacked a unifying theme as rich and immediately engaging as Forbert's self-portrait as an innocent-in-the-city had been on *Alive on Arrival.*

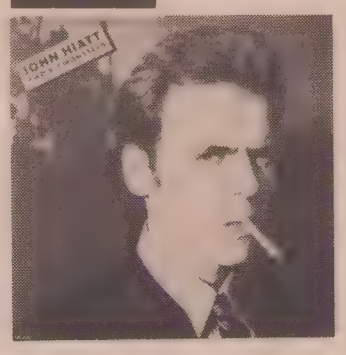
With the success of a single lifted from the second album, however, Forbert staked his claim on a chart berth. *Romeo's Tune* established him in the ears of the listening public as a distinctive young singer whose pervasive romanticism is off-set by a wry self-awareness.

Little Stevie Orbit is Steve Forbert's third album. It was produced by ex Sports and Jo Jo Zep producer Peter Solley, who has tried for a direct, honest sound well suited to the material. Built on a framework of folk and country, Forbert's music incorporates elements of bluegrass, soul and outright rock'n'roll. When lyrics and music combine, the outcome is buoyant, humane and filled with a sense of youthful certainty.

The lyrics at their best are simple statements of observation, as in *Song For Katrina.* Forbert's words come close to poetry, though poetry of a down to earth turn. He remains at his most appealing in the guise of the wide-eyed youth, a human litmus, absorbing and recording. The songs become diaries of response to a changing environment.

It's rambler's music: the carefree, open feel, the incurable optimism - even in the face of the *Cellophane City* situation, he is aware but not embittered. You find yourself hoping very much that things work out well for Steve Forbert. *Little Stevie Orbit* confirms the truth in his simple love song *Song For Carmelita: 'Never felt so well in touch/Never trusted half so much ...'*

Elly McDonald



JOHN HIATT
Two Bit Monsters (Astor)

John Hiatt is an angry young man who has vented his fury and frustrations through a finely honed cynicism and wit that is at best funny, witty and extremely cutting, and at worst hugely entertaining. Although drawing the unenviable comparisons of being the American Elvis Costello or any other new-wave tag that category-conscious critics clutch for, Hiatt vehemently spits his way through a collection of his own powerful songs that exhibit wide influences: from reggae tinge, to hard rock rouge, to pop hooks, and all the while maintaining a consistency of originality. A sparse, tight band with Hiatt handling all the guitars in fine slashing style, tough bass and drums with colourful keyboard flashes, the style of the album is concise and definite and Hiatt's remarkable way with the Queen's English as she is spoke, paints a series of pop paintings that handle all the usual subjects of the human condition and relationships with flair and verve.

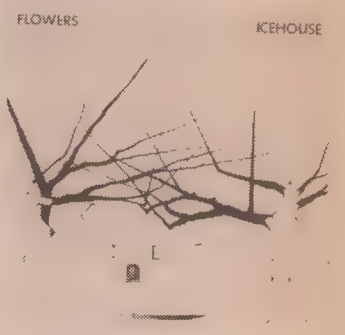
His great debut album of last year, *Slug Line* rocketted into the depths of obscurity immediately on release, and is conspicuous only in the fact that it remains basically unheard of in this country. A definite shame, let me tell you, folks.

This album is a little stronger, the songs more like songs, which should impress the radio programmers ...

Side one opens with the testimony *Back to Normal,* a bouncy reggae flavoured song that demonstrates Hiatt's optimism. Nearly all of his songs deal with matters of the heart, that on close listening can be pealed back to reveal the true essence of his material: and although people and the things they do to each other provide the backbone for his ideas Hiatt has a lot to say about everything.

Down In Front is pure pop magic, tough and catchy, that embodies the man's cynicism ... *'I spent so much time trying to learn all your languages, I got nothing to say, it's all cheap talking time, in a matter of time, some fool gets his way.'* Onto *I Spy (For The FBI)* the only song Hiatt didn't write and one that deals with infidelity in a tongue in cheek way of spying, voyeurism, and a song that was destined as a single, but who knows where it went. Each song has merits that are worthy of discussion and review far beyond what present space allows, but do yourselves a favour and pick up this album and give it a good listen. For those of you who care and are looking for a rare champagne in the discount wine rack, you won't be disappointed.

Doug Tartan



FLOWERS
Icehouse (Regular)

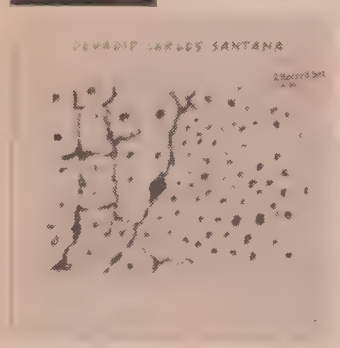
Anyone who has been catching Flowers over the last couple of months will be familiar with this album. Take out the four or five covers they do and the set is *Icehouse.* But what will be new is the subtlety of the music now presented on vinyl, which is so often lost in a confined sweaty venue.

improvised) music recorded live at La Trobe University. In contrast to *Cutheart* it's unaffected, concise and direct. The pieces themselves are diverse - formulae aren't apparent - each piece works in its own course, with guitar, synthesizers and percussion creating a variety of textures. The result could only be compared with Eno, especially his ambient music, or This Heat, an English experimental band.

'New music' is as vital in Australia as it is anywhere in the world.

Unfortunately, however, the N-Lets are yet to commit anything to vinyl, and there's still little indication of 'new music' being anywhere outside Melbourne or Sydney (and its satellite city, Wollongong). But it *could* happen; after all, Sydney once *belonged* to the headbangers and yet nowadays a band like the Slugfuckers can play gigs, however small-scale.

Clinton Walker



DEVADIP CARLOS SANTANA (The Swing of Delight) (CBS)

Mr. Santana seems to have been browsing in the stylistic supermarket in recent years, in the hope that on one of the shelves he will find the "new approach" that will dispel his image as a McLaughlin awash in a sea of congas and timbale drums. His last shopping trip was responsible for the *Marathon* album, an exercise in wasting vinyl if ever there was one. This time round he's wandered up another aisle altogether, if *The Swing of Delight* is any indication.

Santana has thrown rock & roll onto the conceptual scrap heap, as far as he is concerned anyway. The forces of pragmatism win out; clearly it was not meant to be that Carlos rock & roll. Instead he has assembled an all-star cast of jazz giants and put together an album that, while still obviously Santana-esque, signals that he has at least found a direction worth heading in.

Of course, it would be difficult to produce a bad album with the likes of Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter, Harvey Mason, Ron Carter etc., etc., etc. Yet most of the tunes are Santana's, the style is definitely Santana's, and it would be unfair to attribute the fine result to the awesome arsenal of talent alone. On the other hand, using these guys hasn't hurt any.

The Swing of Delight is a digitally recorded double album, and seeing as it's selling for ten bucks, quite good value. Musically, it's good value anyway, and Santana devotees may see it as the record that pulled him back from the brink of obscurity.

Pat Sheil

VOYAGER Act Of Love (Polygram)

This is one of those albums that the English do so well, that isn't really new, or likely to change the course of music, but stands up as a great album simply because the playing, writing and arrangements are so skilfully and subtly executed, it's a real pleasure to hear. This is the second album from Voyager, a group based around the unique voice and songwriting talents of keyboard player Paul French, though guitarist Paul Hirsh also contributes a couple of numbers. Blending the technical studio mastery of the best 10CC with the most divergent elements imaginable in rock, funk and jazz, the songs come out with the polish, but without the occasional loss of power suffered by Steely Dan. Though these bands are totally different, Voyager are fast becoming English Steely Dans, but drawing on the diversity of musical experience of the four members as a band, rather than merely as studio exercises.

The feel is rock, but there are constant touches of jazz in chordal progression development and the best of pop in the studio arrangements, making a song like *Lead Head* meander from a jazz progression over chugging rock bass that develops into short, concise solos from French and Hirsh that recall alternatively funk synth, Larry Carlton guitar scat into Brian May grandeur, overlaid with 10CC harmonies without the slightest dissonances or dislocations. Each element drifts so naturally into the next that you hardly notice how many styles are being utilised and without the band sounding the slightest bit derivative - it all still comes out sounding like Voyager. And always a superbly sensitive use of instrumentation as aural colour behind the voice, like the snatches of acoustic guitar that drift in and out of *You're Always The Last To Know*, or light synthesiser lines floating around in the curious *Whatever Happened To Cherry*. Even the gimmicky touch of 'chivvering' put on the voice in that track, to colour the line *We were cooling off in the freezer* which reads like it should die a dismal death - it's so corny - works just right.

Before it all is French's voice, which is one of the best in rock, though not distinctive enough to really make him a star singer. It's on a par with Daryl Hall, as the album is on a par with any of the slick efforts that particular duo have put out. The songs never necessarily end up where they started, but the group has the good sense to never allow their songs to become mere self-indulgence. The result is an album of perfectly-crafted yet not manufactured songs of remarkable diversity that are still forceful pop or rock or whatever category excellence fits into.

Michael Smith

CHICAGO Chicago XIV (CBS)

XIV? For reasons that may not at first be obvious, XIV means fourteen. Fourteen is a large number in the music business, just as a brontosaurus is a large number in the nature business. It's only a matter of time before these large numbers become somewhat demoralized by ankle snapping evolutionary new boys. When that happens, the polite thing to do is throw yourself in the nearest tar pit.

Chicago seem to have leapt in head first with this one. Not unlike the brontosaurus, they seem incapable of supporting their own weight . . . they lumber towards the inevitable, cluttering tired lyrics with recycled horn lines. Bassist Peter Cetera has composed some gems of applied redundancy that make Blood Sweat & Tears seem positively futuristic. Where are the developments, the improvements, the new ideas? There are none. Where is the difference between this and their first album? There isn't one.

Not only does the record bore, it insults. Some of the playing is just plain bad. Guest guitarist Chris Pinnick sounds like he's straight out of a high school garage band. The lyrics, Cetera's ones especially, constitute nothing more than macho anthems of sexist pop, of the where-would-you-be-without-me school.

If you should be so unfortunate as to be given a copy of this Illinois Quad-Decenial, the Chicago fan club are accepting complaints at Chicago Express, 2314E 18th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11229.

Pat Sheil

SUZANNE FELLINI Suzanne Fellini (Casablanca)

Suzanne Fellini may well be highly talented. She has an arresting voice - very strong and individual, though sometimes a bit too stridently nasal - and she's credited with having a hand on every track on her debut album. The tracks themselves are aggressive and varied; all in all, Fellini emerges as a commercial prospect.

Given that Fellini does have a lot going for her without resorting to gimmick packaging, it seems a pity that both the album cover and the material itself conspire to limit her to a wild-in-the-streets, jail-bait image. The songs are wholly taken up with teenage masturbatory fantasies, girlfriends with pierced tits, and boyfriends in tight, black jeans. A day in the life of a rebellious, thirteen year old female, perhaps - and within a very short time, tedious to anyone outside that market.

In her album cover shot Fellini herself looks extremely young, so it is to be hoped that as she develops professionally the scope of her subject matter will broaden.

It's impossible to say to what extent she actually did contribute to the songwriting; four or five people receive credits for each number - possibly the band, un-acknowledged on the sleeve? However, if Fellini was the key songwriter, she has an impressive ability to recycle well-worn, basic rock and still come out of it sounding fresh. Her vocals have been tutored Vegas-style somewhere along the line, but there is also quite definitely a new wave influence and some unabashed nods musically in the direction of Springsteen and Southside Johnny.

If therein lie her inclinations, and if she's allowed to follow them, there's hope that Suzanne Fellini will survive any misguided attempt to sell her commercially as a tailor-made kiddie-slut.

Elly McDonald

PATTI AUSTIN Body Language (CTI)

Before she was five, Patti Austin had worked for a week in Sammy Davis Jnr's act. By the time she was ten, she was appearing regularly with the Queen of the Blues, Dinah Washington; she had also toured Europe for nine months with Quincy Jones, walked the boards on Broadway, and made her first TV appearances. Impressive stuff.

At twenty-five, Patti Austin had established herself as a leading session and jingles singer, backing such artists as Paul Simon, Kenny Loggins and Roberta Flack, and pushing such items as the US Navy, cheese crackers, and Avon cosmetics. She was earning upwards of $100,000 a year. In addition, her own compositions were being recorded by people like Sarah Vaughan and Blood, Sweat and Tears. She signed to CTI and, in 1976, she released *End Of The Rainbow*, later followed by an album recorded live at the Bottom Line.

Body Language, therefore, is the third product from a lady who doesn't feel the need to prove a point. She's a confident, mature performer who has the very best facilities at her disposal. Her vocal chords, for one. For another, the famous Muscle Shoals Studios, complete with the Muscle Shoals Rhythm Section and the Shoals Sisters singers on back-up. Add to that leading electronic sounds whizz Suzanne Ciani as synthesizer programmer, and you can be sure the arrangements and performance on this album are impeccable.

Never over-bearing, the backing sound is truly elegant. Up front, Austin's vocal control is faultless, and the vocal quality creates rather beautiful texture. A dark honey voice.

That's the good news. To that, I should add that the end product sounds like a collection of theme tunes for hip, domestic American telemovies and/or something they might play in New York office lobbies.

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It's that combination of jazz-funk with pop with soul - George Benson can pull it off, but Patti Austin can't. She seems to have an in-ground pop sensibility which does not translate well, in her hands, to the soul medium.

Her outright pop doesn't grab me either. UK Squeeze's *Another Nail For My Heart* is, um, exactly that, and Bob Seger's *We've Got Tonight* comes across as blatant MOR sludge.

Body Language is very pleasant, very easy listening. I'll resist a funk + soul + pop + jazz = muzak equation but, disappointingly, this album is less than the sum of its parts.

Elly McDonald

DAVID ESSEX
Hot Love
Polygram

David Essex is not a rock and roll star and really doesn't have anything to say. He started in Godspell when God and rock and roll and theatre got together to make money, and apart from a declared interest in drums as a callow East End youth never really did anything apart from play in pubs and listen to a lot of other people, especially obscure black r&b and blues artists.

That'll Be The Day starred the young David, gave the public a look at the rise of an enthusiastic dedicated young man from a working class background into the helter skelter world of rock and roll heartache and the big time. No matter how closely one associates the movie as being autobiographical and based on Essex's story, the fact remains that before the movie was made he wasn't a rock and roll star and after faking a few cinematic concerts and writing a hit song that existed on the movie's strength alone the money machine took over and David was flogged off as the next boy wonder.

A strange juxtaposition took place with everyone being fooled into thinking all this had taken place *before* it was committed to film and not after, as was the case.

A follow up movie in *Stardust* and a plum role in Evita as Che Guevara perpetuated the star myth, and although he was good in both these roles he still insisted that music was the base for all his adventures and continued making records.

Hot Love is basically a collection of light pop songs; and this time a cute smile and boy-next-door-innocence sure as hell is not enough to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

Essex is an endearingly sincere young man, but has diversified his activities to the point of distraction. By not placing all his eggs in one basket, by attacking theatre, film and music with an equal gusto, one if not more, eventually has to suffer, and in this instance the music has. The album is not bad, by any means - with modern techniques in the studio and craftsman session players almost anything can *sound* good. But when it's all over the shallowness and emptiness of this attempt roars through the silence and, in my case, leaves me bemused as to why he did it in the first place. Last year's *Imperial Wizard* album was at least interesting even if only for it's magnificent pretentiousness. But *Hot Love* is a wimpy, limp wristed attempt to capitalise on a reputation without making a statement and giving nothing for the listener to hang his hat on.

Doug Tartan

THE SKIDS
The Absolute Game
(Virgin-Import)

One of the great white hopes of the New Wave movement, The Skids are fulfilling once again after a slight lull in their recording career. Once again, they are working with Mick Glossop who engineered their classic debut and is now producer. It's a return to strength after their less successful collaboration with Bill Nelson on *Days In Europe.*

The Skids play a slick, 'every hair in place' style of modern rock. It bears some relation to fellow New Wavers, The Psychedelic Furs and The Members, but is a class higher. There's the emotive voice of lead singer Richard Jobson, the synthesizer harmonies of Stuart Adamson and Russell Webb, lead guitar insertions by Jobson and a tight, smooth rhythm section.

Striving towards a quasi-religious sobriety, the lyrics borrow phrases from the Bible and employ those symbol-laden figures of Mother, Father and Child. It's also in the music - the children's choir, the anthemic guitars and the church-like synthesizers. The music works in subtly inviting ways with certain tracks, like *Circus Games* and *The Children Who Saw The Shame* slowly standing out from the others whilst still flowing pleasantly together. Very nifty arrangements!

Included in this import copy is a free album - a sign that their hearts are in the right places and anyone who wants to fork out the mammoth ten odd dollars for this album will get their money's worth. Titles like *The Bell Jar, An Incident In Algiers, A Man For All Seasons* suggest The Skids look farther afield than their immediate surroundings for inspiration, drawing from historical, contemporary and literary sources. The free album, entitled *Strength Through Joy* is produced by the band and a good deal rougher.

Miranda Brown

THE PASSIONS
Michael & Miranda
(Stunn)

Fiction Records - which comes to Australia as Stunn - is without a doubt one of the most interesting bigger small labels in England at the moment. Fiction was established a few years back by Chris Parry, a man of some foresight - as a Polydor A&R-person, circa 1976, he was one of the first to take Punk seriously; he demoed the Sex Pistols, the Clash and Generation X (long before anyone else did) and eventually signed the Jam and Siouxie and the Banshees. Parry's taste and integrity remains intact to this day within Fiction.

This album, the Passions' *Michael & Miranda,* is Fiction's fourth only, following the Cure's *Three Imaginary Boys/ Boys Don't Cry* and *Seventeen Seconds* and the Purple Hearts' *Beat That!* (which has just been released in Australia).

The Passions are two girls and two boys - bassist Claire Bidwell, guitarists Barbara Gogan and Clive Timperly and drummer Richard Williams - from London. They're one of the growing number of predominantly female English bands, like the Raincoats and the Au Pairs, who refuse to be forced into stereotype roles by the male-dominated music industry (and indeed society) and are forcefully asserting themselves, as women and musicians.

Michael & Miranda (and don't ask me where that title comes from - there's one very short song, an instrumental, called *Miranda,* but no mention of a 'Michael') is an impressive debut album. Not extraordinary, mind, but impressive enough to warrant more than a cursory listen.

The Passions play a form of post-Punk pop-rock. Some songs on the album, like *Obsession, Absentee* and *Love Song,* are reminiscent of the Cure or the Banshees (or both), but mostly the Passions sound like the Passions.

It's airy and open-ended; the Passions approach is fresh and unpretentious. Their short-coming, however, is the lack of *variety* in their songs - apart from the aforementioned *Obsession, Absentee* and *Love Song* they're similar in a way that becomes colourless after a while.

What rescues *Michael & Miranda,* then, is the Passions' spirited performance, Chris Parry's fine production and a handful of particularly strong songs, not only the three I've harped on but also some others like *Suspicion* and *Why Me?*

In fact, I'd love to see *Why Me?* become a hit single - it's not inconceivable and it would shake up a lot of people. Listen to *Michael & Miranda* and find out why.

Clinton Walker

THE POINTER SISTERS
Special Things
(WEA)

Ruth, Anita and June Pointer sing sweet and pure, and treat the material on this album with an elegance and pride that has become a hallmark of their performance. However, under the direction of producer Richard Perry, who has handled their work for the last few years, their albums have taken on a chameleon quality that indicates that rather than break any new ground as other harmony specialty acts like Manhatten Transfer have done the sisters seem to concentrate on the safer approach of conventionality and just shuffle the accepted standards around into their own style.

This album definitely lacks the muscle and spirit of the very hot *Priority* set of last year, and seems to cover a slightly more middle of the road market. The songs featured here are a combination of self penned songs from the sisters *(Could I be Dreamin', Special Things)* to toons from the pens of Bacharach, Sager and the ubiquitous few from the stalwarts of the LA writer's camp, Bill Champlin and Tom Snow and Cynthia Weil. Bacharach does the string and horn arrangements for his songs and Tom Snow plays keyboards and synthesizers on the single cut *He's So Shy,* a Snow/Weil standard from way back when that Perry has delivered as a production piece of light disco/rock (and stolen everything he knows from Michael McDonald of the Doobies).

So it's all wrapped up neat and tidy, the band behaves like session champs with nary a lick out of place and, it all smacks of homogenized good taste. Good late night listening is *Special Things* for those with a bent for a good melody and tight snappy harmonies; but just a touch sterile and aseptic.

Doug Tartan

ULTRAVOX
Vienna
(Chrysalis)

Way back in 1977, when Johnny Rotten was going to save the world, Ultravox were playing a gloomy unfashionable blend of synthesized pop that had critics grasping for superlatives. However, as is so often the case, the record buying public couldn't understand the critical fuss and ignored the band almost totally. An unsuccessful U.S. tour and the departure of enigmatic frontman John Foxx almost spelt the end for Ultravox but the band recruited former Rich Kid Midge Ure and instead of breaking up, went into the studio and recorded this album, *Vienna* in a last ditch attempt at achieving success.

The album opens with a promising instrumental called *Astradyne* that builds from a gurgling piano intro into a soaring Gothic violin solo from Billy Currie. Currie's violin carries the whole album actually. Midge Ure's guitar is not at all dominant and is used mostly for rhythmic propulsion. No 'boring' solos from this boy. *New Europeans* is next and is the album's most interesting track. Ure sings in that disarming, flat monotone that is so popular at the moment and Billy Currie extracts some terrible, shrieking sounds from his synthesizers that swirl from side to side in the mix and sound great through head-phones. The song itself careers along over a harsh rhythm guitar that sounds as if it was mixed under six feet of broken glass, and while it's a bit trite lyrically *('... he has a new radio/but never turns it on')* the song is the most original sounding on the album.

Private Lives sounds a lot like *Astradyne* and again features Currie's great violin. *Sleepwalk,* the English single, scampers along over a repetitive synthesizer riff and has a catchy, if unmemorable melody line. It sounds a bit like Mi-Sex's *People.*

From here on, the album sadly degenerates. Rather than continuing developing the moods and themes of the first side, side two slips into a dull, repetitive groove of Gary Numan type material replete with synthesized rhythms, banal lyrics and annoying electronic sounds that intrude on the song and sound like a recording studio afterthought. As a matter of fact, most of side two sounds like filler which is disappointing because the band prove early in the piece that they are a force to be reckoned with, provided they don't get too carried away with their own cleverness. Their style is distinctively modern and as such are probably one of the best of the genre, however like our own James Freud, Ultravox will have to realize that being 'modern' for modern's sake can get a bit pretentious and tiresome. Still, this Ultravox is virtually a new band and the next album should be the real tester. In the meantime there is *Vienna.*

Steve Marshall

JOHNNY CASH
A Believer Sings The Truth
(CBS)

One of Johnny Cash's greatest strengths has always been his understanding of human failings. Perhaps for this reason, when Cash records an album full of morally uplifting, gospel-cum-country tracks, the finished product is absolutely devoid of self-righteousness.

The theme running through the record is consistent: redemption, and gladness in religion. Johnny Cash never sounded so glad! That rough-hewn, roughed-about voice rumbles away happily and honestly - *'Even though as a sinner/I was never no beginner/ I am glad I never made the grade'* he sings.

The sincerity is obvious. *A Believer Sings The Truth* is a very personal testimony, and by bringing up Cash's voice in warm focus the production reinforces its intimate, human-to-human tone. In tracks such as *I'm A Newborn Man* and *Oh Come, Angel Band,* there is a gentleness and lyricism seldom apparent in Cash's prison ballads.

As always, Johnny Cash has here a perfect grasp of the ballad form. Every song is a story inviting personal involvement. In this vein, the outstanding success on *A Believer Sings The Truth* would have to be *He's Alive,* a song of doubt and renewed faith which, if it didn't work so well, would be embarassing cornball. Instead, the message seems to be *not* to be embarassed by the cornball - to see past the caricature of southern tradition to the core wisdom in homespun values.

The family is the cornerstone of these traditional values, and Cash's family have rallied around him. Wife June Carter is featured, along with daughter Roseanne and her husband Rodney Crowell, her sister Valerie, and June's daughter Carlene - all established country (and country-crossover) stars in their own right, all contributing greatly to making this album something rather special of its genre.

With the very best of Nashville musicians at his disposal, it's not surprising that the musical backing is everything it is. A New Orleans piano tinkles about unobtrusively much of the time, sometimes teamed, in a deft touch, with Delta horns. On some numbers strings have been added, and for *What On Earth?* a phosphorescent, chime effect is applied. Overall, the backing is refined. Like a feather eiderdown, it's there to cushion, soften and add warmth while Cash and the singers supply the genuine, but fallible, humanity that lifts *A Believer Sings The Truth* above soulless studio gospel, glass-cubicle confined, and back into Real People country.

Elly McDonald

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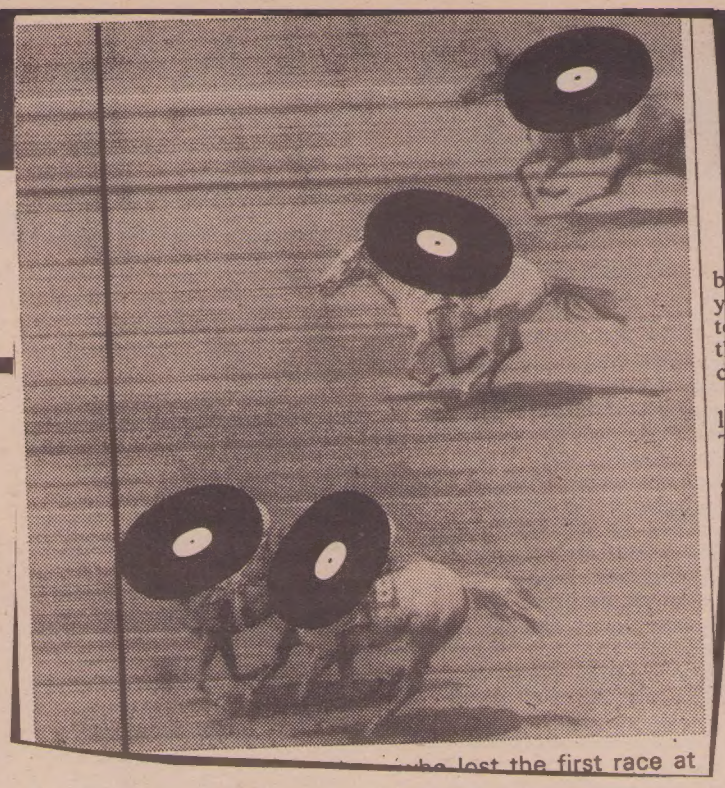
Singles Tip Sheet

It's a cold wet misty dawn as our intrepid racing reporter KENT 'I'll find a winner if I have to dope it myself' GODDARD haunts the singles course. Deftly sidestepping the copious dung and the sly whisperings of anonymous tipsters he staggers through the fog in search of the lowdown on the form of the big runners in the Top 40 Cup.



DAILY DOUBLE

UB40 - Food for Thought/ King (CBS): No doubt about it this stallion is the outright favourite to take out the big cup. Has everything going for it - lovely lilting post-reggae gait, bittersweet urgings from the jockey and the backing of strappers with taste and a light hand on the whip. Well and truly alive and kicking! Take a big plunge and hock your mum's jewellery for this one.

MONDO ROCK - State Of The Heart/Mona Lisa (She Smiles) (Avenue): Ross Wilson, one of Australia's great thoroughbreds, has rocketed back into contention with a champion effort, prepared by Eric McCusker. Just when you think Ross is running with the pack with this moody run, suddenly he's swooped up on the inside and the judges have called for a photo finish. Bound to gain a firm place in the hearts of all romantic punters. Back it for a big win, and on the strength of these two runs trainer Eric should be associated with many more champions.

EXTRA DOUBLE

Q-TIPS - Tracks Of My Tears/ Different World (Chrysalis): Q-Tips are a new starter from England and on the evidence of these two sprints they're definite bolters. Can't wait to see them debut over a long distance. They remind one of the golden days when the Motown and Stax stables ruled the world, but who cares. Why look a gift horse in the mouth? Put all your money on now while the odds are still good and avoid the rush.

THE CROCODILES - Tears/In My Suit (7 Records): New Zealand has swamped us with a lot of champions in recent years and this thoroughbred looks like another big winner. Lead work out here is a delightful canter and the female hoop handles the bittersweet mount with a gorgeous light touch. Discerning punters will already have their money on this, and for the rest of you, what are you waiting for? Check out six track EP for summary of their excellent form back in NZ while you're at it.

OUTSIDE FAVOURITES

FLASH AND THE PAN - Media Man/Captains' Beware (Alberts): These old stayers have been out to stud for a number of years and have sired many champions. Recently they made a remarkable comeback to win a few big purses themselves especially overseas. On form here they could have a big hit. All the elements are here to catch the public's eye in that quirky unique Flash And The Pan gallop.

JAMES FREUD'S BERLIN - Enemy Lines/Only The Young (Mushroom): This young colt from Melbourne is in top form at the moment, having just had a good win plus some O.S. workouts.Not as instantly catchy as *Modern Girl*. Nonetheless he's gaining strong support and could still be up there with the leaders. Good for a place bet.

EACH-WAY

CHEETAH — Spend The Night /The Best Of You (Alberts): These spirited young fillies impress with a strong showing under the guidance of top trainers Vanda and Young. Cheetah could finally make it into the big league with this hard sexy charger.

BOOKER T. & RITA COOLIDGE - We Could Stay Together/The Best Of You (A&M): Definitely a winner for the laidback loungeroom punter who likes to phone in his bets and wouldn't be seen dead on the course. Lopes along quite amiably under the weight of its two jockeys. Though many thought they were now old enough to be relegated to the jumps — this one could be a surprise.

UP AND COMERS

IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS — I Want To Be Straight/That's Not All (Stiff): That old arch nobbler Ian Dury is admitting all and claiming that he now wants to go straight. Don't believe him — he still appears pretty bent on the evidence here. The race course police are watching him closely, unwilling to credit him with a legitimate winner. But this effort with new boy Wilko Johnson has distinct promise.

THE VOICES - I Think I'll Go Mad/Somebody Else (Deluxe): Nice bouncy step from this new Sydney goer. Reminds one vaguely of Flowers' *Can't Help Myself*, but they definitely have the beginnings of their own style and are one to watch keenly in the future. This won't be a winner but if they keep up this form, one can't be far off.

A.E.I.O.U. - Brainwashed/ Psychotwist (Au-go-go): Little known about this young Melbourne runner, but this shows earcatching style. New Wave English training methods in evidence here. Not due for a winner yet, but shows good potential and definitely one to watch in the future.

BOW WOW WOW — C'30, C'60, C'90/ Sun, Sea and Piracy (EMI): Newest sensation from the stable of Malcolm McClaren. Female jockey rides roughshod over the rudimentary, untutored gait. Has a certain naive appeal and is a must for anyone who still gets a kick out of sticking safety pins into horses (and record companies).

ANY TROUBLE - Second Choice/The Name Of The Game/Bible Belt (Stiff): English fancy, highly regarded over there, whose trackwork is very reminiscent of Costello and Joe Jackson. With right handling and proper development could become a stayer, but at present one to watch rather than back.

ALSO RANS

JERMAINE JACKSON - You're Supposed To Keep Your Love For Me/Let It Ride (Motown): Now here's a dark horse! Has an immaculate pedigree, the backing of a super successful stable and top trainer Stevie Wonder, and recently scored a big winner. On this form looks as though he's a bit tired and is probably due for a spell. Should come back better than ever then. Meanwhile back his brother.

HAZEL O'CONNOR - Eighth Day/ Monsters In Disguise (A & M): Lots has been heard from England about this mare. So what's all the fuss been about? Does the world need another operatic horse show with shrill punk overtones?

WHITE SOXX - Versailles (full and edited versions) (MCA): This mount reminds one of the Beach Boys at their most ponderous, or the Buggles at their most tey. Pretty stylings but belongs with the trots rather than the gallopers.

THE EYES - City Livin/Get It Strait (ATA): This Sydney starter needs more preparation before they can be considered as contenders. Backers have obviously been watching Mi-Sex's form closely and they are further evidence of how popular the disco gait combined with surly temperament has become with the young runners.

FINGERPRINTZ - Houdini Love/All About You (Virgin): Pleasant pop run from this English import, which won't set the world on fire with its pseudo-Merseybeat colours. Preferred the second sprint. On the strength of that they could be the Poms' sedate answer to the B-52s.

JONA LEWIE - Big Shot-Momentarily/I'll Get By In Pittsburgh (Stiff): Bolted out of nowhere earlier this year for a great run. But on the strength of this effort it appears that Jona has lost the great rhythm of that winner. If not careful might be written off as a joke.

THE SPORTS - Stop The Baby Talking!/Big City Lights (Mushroom): Melbourne fancy who have held soft spot in punters' hearts for a while now. After long spell and many changes in strappers have returned with new change of direction. No, they're not running the course in the reverse direction, but they don't have a winner either with this sluggish funk run. (Is that Marc Hunter in the jockey's colours?) Check out the moody canter on the other side for what they can do.

GILLAN - Trouble/Your Sisters On My List/Mr Universe/ Vengeance/ Smoke On The Water (Virgin): Having been disqualified from weight-for-age races due to obesity, this old nag nevertheless struggles on. Unfortunately often lags far behind and the stewards have to send out the night-watchman with a torch at the end of the day to lead him home. For nostalgic H.M. punters only.

PAT BENATAR - You Better Run/Out-A-Touch (Chrysalis): This mare has performed well overseas and is a definate up-and-comer in the local stakes. She likes to rock hard from the start and run straight. Hardly innovative but she does it so well. There's more than just alluring presentation; the lady is a convincing rocker who deserves a bigger following here.

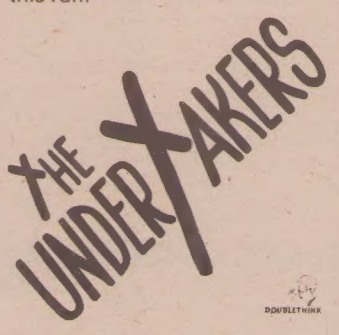
OVERLOAD - Into Overload/ Follow The Lines (MCA): English colt that seems way out of its class in this field. Should be bracketed in the Gary Numan/Mi-Sex field but in a head-on race would definitely come a poor last.

LEON BERGER - Take Me Higher/Maybe It's The Way The Wind Blows (EMI): This Russian import has been having a long spell after strong performance a couple of years ago. He might have been a big hit back in the USSR but it will take more than this to repeat that success here. Run here reminds of Michael McDonald of the Doobies and just as turgid.

DON LANE - I Need You/Just The Way You Are (Astor): Hang on! There's something wrong here. This animal should be entered in the dog races. Is this some kind of joke? The older punters will probably be sucked in by this for sentimental reasons, but anyone with any horse sense will avoid this at all costs.

FRANKIE J. HOLDEN - Boomerang/Dinkie Di (Bob's Your Uncle) (7 Records): Rolf Harris' *Tie Me Kangaroo Down Sport* ran this sort of novelty race much better 20 years ago. Even Charlie Drake's *My Boomerang Won't Come Back* and Bob Hudson's *Newcastle Song* were better bets than this. Frankie's handlers should stop pulling this once great charger or the stewards will call for a swab.

MONTY PYTHON - I Like Chinese/I Bet They Won't Play This Song On The Radio/ Finland (Charisma): I have some sad news to relate race fans. Monty Python has gone lame on the back stretch and has been destroyed by order of the stewards. And now for the good news: you'll receive a free piece of Monty with every can of dog food you buy next week. Seriously folks, for a novelty effort this is surprisingly lacking in humour. Go and see their championship form in *Life Of Brian* again and forget about this run.



THE UNDERTAKERS - This Is Space/Buy A Car (Doublethink): A definite non-starter from The Undertakers. The stewards haven't called for an inquiry - they want an autopsy. This isn't pop, it's toned down HM and the poor horse is labouring under the dead weight. For further news consult the obituary columns. A sad finale for the Doublethink label.

SOCIAL COMMENT - Five O'Clock Fever/The Beast Is Loose (Listen): First run from young Sydney colt by Donovan out of Pink Floyd. Despite illustrious pedigree and competent handling needs further track work before ready for open competition. Perhaps another season in the bush races would help develop potential.

flix

Angie being artistic and interesting.

DRESSED TO KILL

Written and Directed by Brian de Palma
Starring Michael Caine, Angie Dickinson

Dressed to Kill is a predictable murder story thinly garnished with elements of wit, sex, arty direction and a collection of horror movie techniques straight out of the Hitchcock A.B.C. of thrillers. Writer/director Brian De Palma attempts to present a plot laden with so many cinematic flourishes that the audience will almost forget that they are watching the Standard American Sex Killer Yarn.

Dressed To Kill falls into three discernable layers. The first of these, featuring Angie Dickinson, is by far the most artistic and interesting. To the strains of Pino Donaggio's gentle, reflective music we witness Dickinson's portrayal of a sexually dissatisfied wife and the romantic encounter she instigates in order to break the monotony of her existence. The action occurs largely in silence with looks and movement skilfully utilised to communicate the housewife's vulnerability, faltering confidence in her waning looks and hunger for a powerful sexual encounter. De Palma combines lively innovative camera movement with some extremely clever fade-in editing techniques to inbue this section of the film with a surreal Continental flavour. Very tasteful and very unusual from an American director. Unfortunately this serves only as an atmospheric prelude and De Palma abruptly abandons all subtlety to adopt the tried and trusted techniques of the American murder story genre a la *Dirty Harry, Play Misty For Me* etc. We have a psycho transexual knife-wielder on the loose, a hard bitten take-no-crap police detective on the case and a not so happy hooker who is the only person to have seen the killer. To put the final seal on this orgy of cliches De Palma has thrown in for good measure a sixteen year old whizz kid who is determined to track the killer down himself using a dazzling display of sophisticated electronics.

In this, the main body of the film, De Palma's objective is to dispense with artiness and display his mastery of the commercial thriller genre. Although the action is taught and nerve racking, ultimately, it has all been done before, and with more finesse.

The last section of the film is well constructed to generate an atmosphere of anti-climax and relaxation in the audience. Just when all the plot strings seem to be tied and the characters have emerged unscathed De Palma unleashes some harrowing scenes of surreal horror, excellently photographed and directed. The overall impression of the film is that it is very much a director's project, structured to provide the latter with a flexible canvas upon which to practise his multi-faceted art.

The film lacks concerted depth, it is stylistically too fractured to be a trully great film. While it could justifiably, perhaps, be called a tour de force for De Palma, the actors and the film itself suffer from his excesses of directorial showmanship. Nevertheless having said this, *Dressed To Kill* still rates as an entertaining film.

Harry Kolotas

THE NUDE BOMB

Screenplay by Buck Henry
Starring Don Adams

When *Get Smart* first appeared on TV over a decade ago it was intended to be a spoof of the spy series mania that was at that time gripping millions of vacant-eyed idiot box addicts. Conceived by the lunaticly inspired Mel Brooks and Buck Henry *Get Smart* was a blatant piss-take of the ridiculously popular *Man From U.N.C.L.E.* series. Brooks and Henry perceived that there were some cheap laughs to be had out of unsubtly lampooning the major ingredients of the pseudo-sophisticated U.N.C.L.E. show. They created a comic replica featuring an undercover espionage organisation (Control) and an arch nemesis (the K.A.O.S organisation, as opposed to U.N.C.L.E.'s foe T.H.R.U.S.H.). But in place of the sickeningly suave super agent Napoleon Solo, Brooks and Henry invented a super bungler who never lived up to his name — Maxwell Smart. Instant farce. Nothing was too stupid for Max to think or do, the boy had cretin written all over his face in capital letters.

This 1980 film version of *Get Smart* features the self-same lovable cretin, miraculously untouched by time or wisdom. Max, played once again by Don Adams, is much the same. He still says "Would you believe ...", "And loving it, chief", "The old finger in the gun trick" and all the other repetitive cornball oneliners that *Get Smart* fans seem to relish and repeat ad nauseum. The plotline too is vintage *Get Smart* with an unlikely tale based around a fiendish fashion designer's plan to destroy all clothing bar his own creations. Trent Nathan will no doubt empathise.

The film deviates from the series in two major facets. Firstly there is no Edward Platt in the role of chief and Barbara Feldon's 99 has likewise been dispensed with. Secondly with the greater flexibility afforded by a film budget *Get Smart* has gone ambitious with extended gag scenes incorporating expensive props. The result of these changes has been to update and slightly re-interpret the series concept making the film appear more like a 1980's style spy spoof of Roger Moore's James Bond films i.e. girls and gadgets galore. Even *Get Smart* afficionados will have to admit that *The Nude Bomb* is no cinematic milestone (although it does admittedly take out the 'Shoddiest Editing Of The Year Award'), but the gags are there, Max is looking well ten years on and this slight, superficially entertaining film is worth a visit when your brain cells feel like idling in neutral.

Harry Kolotas

classifieds

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The Beat Boys
1 Manly Rugby Union Club
2 Brookvale Hotel
6 Dee Why Hotel
9 Brookvale Hotel
13 Dee Why Hotel

Vibrators
1 Belmore Hotel
2 Dee Why Hotel
6-7 Maroubra Seals
8 Jolly Frog
9 Dee Why Hotel
14 Vicar Of Wakefield

Malcolm McCallum Band
5 Orient Hotel
7 Benson's Wine Bar
12 Orient Hotel
14 Benson's Wine Bar

John J. Francis and Hard Cash
2 Graphic Arts Club

Automatics
1 Maroubra Bay Hotel
2 Brighton Hotel
8 Jolly Frog
9 Brighton Hotel
12 Vicar Of Wakefield
13 Chesterhill Hotel

Metro
5 Frenchs
6 Jam Factory
7 Wagga Aussie Rules Club
8 Astra Hotel
12 Frenchs
13 San Miguel

Heroes
1 The Belair
2 Souths Leagues Club
3 Doyalson RSL
5 Stewart and Lloyd
6 Kittyhawk Club
7-18 Sydney

Moving Pictures
2 San Miguel
4 Royal Antler
7 Manzil Room
8 Rubbers
9 San Miguel
11 Royal Antler
12 Musicians Club
14 Manzil Room

Voices
1 Astra Hotel
4 Family Inn
6 Florida Hotel
7 Bexley North Hotel
8 Manly Vale Hotel
14 Chesterhill Hotel

The Boys
7 Royal Antler
8 Wollongong Leagues
11 Doyalson RSL
12 Comb'n'Cutter
13 Ingleburn RSL

The Riptides
1 Chatswood Charles
2 Ainslie Hotel (Canb)
3 Bridge Hotel
5 Hearts
7 Macy's
8 Crystal Ballroom
9 Pier Hotel
10 Armadale

Dynamic Hepnotics
1 Graphic Arts Club
7 Graphic Arts Club
8 Graphic Arts Club
14 Graphic Arts Club

Tim Piper Band
1 Graphic Arts Club
7 Graphic Arts Club
8 Graphic Arts Club
14 Graphic Arts Club

Kim Humphreys Band
1 Sefton Hotel
5 Sydney Cove Tavern
6 Maroubra Bay Hotel
7 Rock Village
8 Maroubra Seals
12 Dapto Leagues
13 Maroubra Bay
14 Bayview Tavern

The Elks
1 Mosman Hotel
2 Astra Hotel
7 Chatswood Charles
8 Governor's Pleasure
11 Manzil Room

T-Birds
5 Astra Hotel
6 Regent Hotel
7 Sydney Cove Tavern
8 Exchange Hotel
9 Local Inn
14 Sydney Cove Tavern

Snake
5 Brighton Hotel
6 Vicar Of Wakefield
12 Brighton Hotel

Outline
1 Royal Antler
2 Brighton Hotel
3 San Miguel
4 The Floyd (Canb)
7 Billboard Hotel
8 Prospect Hotel
10 Armadale
13 Prospect Hotel
14 Commodore Hotel

Swanee
1 Stardust Hotel
2 Penrith Leagues
3 Bayview Tavern
7 Royal Antler
8 Wollongong Leagues
11 Doyalson RSL
12 Comb'n'Cutter
13 Ingleburn RSL

Matinee Idyll
1 Comb'n'Cutter
5 Sussex Hotel
7 Denison Hotel
8 Manly Rugby Union Club
12 Sussex Hotel

The Eyes
1 Northern Suburbs Leagues

Peculiar Clerks
1 Padstow Park
4 Highway Hotel
14 Riverwood Hotel

Jukes
1 Revesby Hotel
14 Greenacre Hotel

Jeff St John
1 Sefton Hotel
5 Sydney Cove Tavern
6 Kareela Golf Club
7 Rock Village
8 Maroubra Seals
12 Dapto Leagues
14 Bayview Tavern

Motorco
1 Manzil Room
5 Windsor Castle
6 Beattie Street
8 Manzil Room
12 Windsor Castle
13 Beattie Street

Atla
1 Cobar Golf Club
2 Forbes Golf Club
7 Mosman Hotel

Mental As Anything
1 Manly Vale Hotel
4 Family Inn
6 San Miguel
9 Wollongong Leagues

Flowers
5 Centre Club (Melb)
7-8 Arkaba Hotel
13 Florida Hotel
14 Family Inn

Streetlevel
1 Florida Hotel
6 Sefton Hotel
8 Riverwood Hotel
12 Astra Hotel

Berlin
4 Windsor Castle
11 Windsor Castle

Acupunkture
1 Civic Hotel
2 Montgomery Hotel
8 Civic Hotel
9 Montgomery Hotel

James Freud and Berlin
3 Sundowner
8 Royal Antler

Radiators
10 Sundowner

The Saints
1 Dapto Leagues
2 Concord RSL
5 National Hotel
6 Cleveland Sands
7 Mooloolaba Hotel
8 Playroom, Gold Coast
10 Bangalow Bowling Club
11 Grafton
13 Paddington Green

The 88's
7 Riverwood Hotel
8 Padstow Park Hotel
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OI '55
1 Comb'n'Cutter
7-8 Night Train Disco (Broken Hill)
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RAM No. 75
RAM Rock Poll Winners; Led Zeppelin; 1977 Rock Diary; Australian Music; Heavy Metal; Glam Rock; Music Expo; The Real Thing; Chariot; The Elvis Industry; Mother Goose; Ozzie Osbourne; The Muppets; Sex Pistols; Mike Rudd; '77 the year that was.

RAM
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'78's his year
COMPRESSED ABOUT THE 20th PUZZLE WITH RAM EXPLAINS ALL TECHNOFLASH, HIP EASY-LISTENING, HEAVY METAL, RE-BUTTON YOUR BLACK TO KNOW

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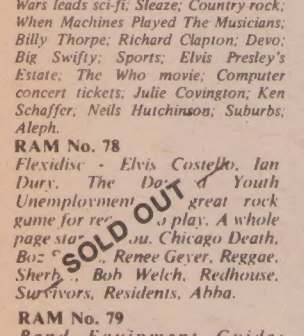
Discover Graham Parker; Kevin Borich; Hip Easy Listening; Heavy Metal; Klaatu; AC/DC; Moose Malone; Red Symons; Ray Burton; Gloria Jones; Air Supply; Parachute; Status Quo; Leon Berger; John Paul Young; Dylan's Reynaldo And Clara; Dracula in Perth.

RAM No. 77
Summer rock; Boz Scaggs; Bob Dylan; Beach Boys; E.L.O.; Jeff Lynne; Star Wars leads sci-fi; Sleaze; Country rock; When Machines Played The Musicians; Billy Thorpe; Richard Clapton; Devo; Big Swifty; Sports; Elvis Presley's Estate; The Who movie; Computer concert tickets; Julie Covington; Ken Schaffer; Neils Hutchinson; Suburbs; Aleph.

RAM No. 78
Flexidisc - Elvis Costello. Ian Dury. The Dole & Youth Unemployment - great rock game for re[illegible] to play. A whole page st[illegible]ou. Chicago Death. Boz [illegible]. Renee Geyer. Reggae. Sherbet. Bob Welch. Redhouse. Survivors. Residents. Abba.

RAM No. 79
Band Equipment Guide: Amplifiers. The Beach Boys - the external youth elixir. The First Australian Report on groupies. E.L.O. 'Fake' claims. Johnny Winter - blood, drugs and resurrection. The Electric Ned Kelly Show. 70's guide to soul and punk. Sherbet. Dead Boys. Midnight Oil. Krishna Frolics. Aerosmith. Stars.

RAM No. 80
The First Australian Groupies Report (Pt. 2). The man who was zapped by Bob Dylan. Frank Zappa - no future? George Benson 'n all that jazz. Rock movies; Keef 'n' drugs; Boz Scagga; Radio Birdman; Mondo Rock; Ramones; Jackson Browne; Monkees; Phil Manzanera.

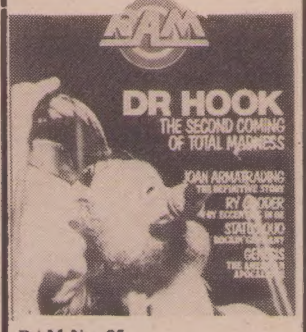


RAM No. 81
Dragon - real weird tales from the strangest band in the land. Graham Parker - madness on the phone to Oz. Mexico. Skyhooks - new elpee; Johnny O'Keefe - the first and future King; Billy Joel - Pre-tour delights.

RAM No. 82
David Bowie - Rock hero turns movie gigolo; Bob Marley; Queen - they are the champions; Foreigner - first tour; Split Enz - in the [illegible] Beach Boys - drunken [illegible]; Skyhooks. N.Z. Rock; [illegible]die; Scandal; Nuclear War; Air Supply; K.B.E.; Nick Lowe; Jo Jo Zep.

RAM No. 83
Little River Band; Bob Dylan - concert chaos; Bryan Ferry - prisoner in; Eric Clapton - reluctant hero; Rush - right wing rock B.B. King - blues are forever; The Babys; Kansas; Jeff St. John; T.M.G.; Red Hot Peppers; Paul McCartney; Sweet; Elvis Costello.

RAM No. 84
Paul McCartney; Leo Sayer - wild on the streets; Tom Robinson Band - rising free; The Angels - hello Haloes; Blondie - the sexist pig show; Brian Eno - Bowie cohort speaks; Little River Band - new elpee; Foreigner; Kate Bush; Cheap Trick; New Zealand after dark; Dave Warner; Space Loonies; Sweet.



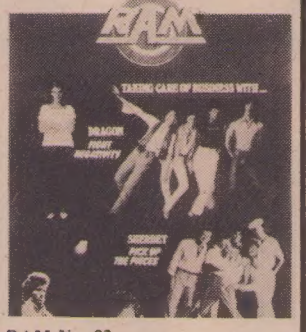
RAM No. 85
Dr. Hook - the second coming of total madness; Joan Armatrading - the definitive story. Ry Cooder - W'Ry eccentric in Oz; Status Quo - rockin' Germany; Genesis - the American apocalypse; Bob Seger; Bowie; Warren Zevon; Rick Formosa; Radio Birdman; Bob Marley; Patti Smith; Eddie Riff.

RAM No. 86
Jethro Tull - Popularity Crisis? Elvis Costello - this year's interview; Sandy D[illegible] R.I.P.; Win with Sports introducing Eddie Riff: N[illegible]ckcomic; Bee Gees disov[illegible]ustralia; Space Movies[illegible]. Night Fever; Mannish James Brown; Ray Burton; Jo Jo Zep; Sweet Jayne; Uriah Heep; Lou Reed; Saints.

RAM No. 88
J.P.Y.; L.R.B.; AC/DC; New Stones/Springsteen Elpees; Graham Parker - [illegible] men in dark glasses ro[illegible]split Enz - startling cha[illegible] T.V.; Alice Cooper; [illegible]ack Sabbath Bloodh[illegible] Matchbox; Joe Walsh; [illegible]detto; Madder Lake; Tom Waits; Elks; Supernaut; The Band.

RAM No. 90
Thin Lizzy - the new face of hard rock; Jefferson Starship - old hippies how out? Bob Dylan - new elpee; Rolling Stones - live in New York; Van Halen - happiness is a big P.A.; George Thorogood - happiness is the blooze; Whale's last stand; U.F.O.; E.L.O.; Russell Morris; Hot Chocolate; 60's rock returns.

RAM No. 91
Free record from Angels; Peter Gabriel - the bald truth; Frank Zappa - from genius dirty old man; Silverscreen Special - The Last Waltz (Robbie Robertson), Newsfront, Wednesday; Sex Pistols; T[illegible] Petty; Jethro Tull; Robyn [illegible]cher; Elvis Costello; N.Z. Bands; Anne Kirkpatrick; J.P.Y.; Radio War.



RAM No. 92
Dragon; Sherbet; Bruce Springsteen - fights the past; Dave Gilmour - the heart of Pink Floyd; Alan Parsons - pyramid power; Johnny Cougar - the kid's alright; Silverscreen - Grease, Sgt. Peppers, Hot Wax.

RAM
GRAHAM PARKER TALKS EXCLUSIVELY ABOUT HIS OZ TOUR
PETE TOWNSHEND AND HIS GENERATION
JOE WALSH THE HUMAN FACE OF THE EAGLES
PINBALL BLACK JACK VS THE MERE MORTAL

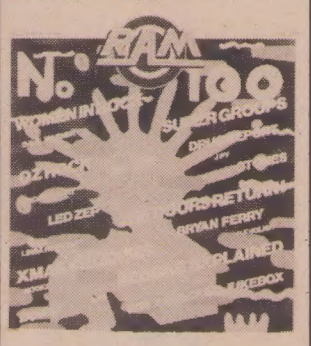
RAM No. 93
Graham Parker - talks about Oz tour; Pete Townshend and his generation; Joe Walsh - the human face of the Eagles; Pinball - Black Jack vs. the mere mortal; Tom Waits; Ross Wilson; Sports; Stiletto; Sherbet; Skyhooks; Peter Cook and Dudley Moore; Darryl Cotton.

RAM No. 94
Special P.A. Supplement; On the eve of his drug trial Keith Richard talks; Farewell Keith Moon - a retrospective; Runaways - flat busted in '78; War of the Worlds - disco from outer space; The Death of Punk - rot in pieces; Leo de Castro; Jon English; Sex Pistols; Etta James; Midnight Oil; David Johansen; Otway & Barrett; High Rise Bombers; Rock Movies.

RAM No. 95
David Bowie - looking back on the Thin White Duke; Kiss - wet and sloppy; Ronnie Wood - phones from Brazil; Bette Midler - blessed with brains, talent and gorgeous tits; A Tribute to Jo Jo Zep; Russell Morris; Grateful Dead; Blondie; Eddie Riff; Dave Warner.

RAM No. 96
Jethro Tull - flashers round the world; J.O'K - a tribute; Bryan Ferry - better but bitter; Little River Band - reconquering Australia; Bette Midler - what she does on stage; Photo Contest; Thin Lizzy; 10CC; Patti Smith; Juke Boxes; Yes; Linda Ronstadt.

RAM No. 98
Bowie the O[illegible]ew; Frampton - Road Te[illegible]a; The Who - 1st Interview; Springsteen - myth maker; Elton [illegible]. Frank Zappa; Dire Strai[illegible]'55; Saints - go to hell; Neil Young.



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SPECIAL DOUBLE ISSUE
116 pages. Films, New Wave, Worst RAM letters; The Who; Elton John; Sup[illegible]ups; Oz Rock; Drug Re[illegible] Women In Rock; Bryo[illegible]erry; Reggae; Rock Qui[illegible]M Songbook; Jim Morriso[illegible] new! And also Dave Warner; Linda Ronstadt; Rod Stewart; Skyhooks; Bowie; LRB; Stones; Sports; JPY; Jon English.

RAM No. 101
Eric Clapton - Guitar God Unrecognised; Sports - All fine in '79; Elvis Costello - the Oz rampage New elpee exclusive, The Cars; Chicago - new life for Old Hippies?; Superman, The Fury, Doobie Bros, Todd Rundgren, Uriah Heep, The Clash, Hells Angels, Burning Spear.

RAM No. 102
Rod Stewart - Just how sexy?; Split Enz Return!; Peter Tosh; Young Modern; Mike Oldfield; Dingoes Demise; Uriah Heep; Black Sabbath; Frankie Miller; The Dots; Lou Reed; Smokie; Chicago; Lynne Hamilton.

RAM No. 103
78/79 is the year of [illegible]Angels; Kevin Borich; Rolling S[illegible] Keith Richards Exclusive; A[illegible]art; Midnight Oil; Rose T[illegible] Stars; Stranglers; Lind[illegible] Supernaut; Dylan Bootleg; Genya Ravan; Tiny Tim.

RAM No. 104
Catching the Street-smouts with Cold Chisel; The Stranglers - new wave UK rock tours Oz; Sid Vicious; Elvis Costello; Rod Stewart in concert; Dire Straits interview; The Doors; U.F.O.'s; AC/DC; Bee Gees; Sports/Split Enz new elpees; Who is Kim Fowley.

RAM No. 105
Van Morrison - exclusive interview; Dragon split. Marc Hunter's last stand; Linda Ronstadt; Devo; Rock Comedy - Monty Python, Steve Martin, Cheech & Chong; New Skyhooks in concert; Rod Stewart fake; Stranglers in Oz; Dr Who; Films; Mi-Sex.

RAM No. 106
Led Zeppelin - new album; Roxy Music; New Dragon; The Clash; Village People; Doug Parkinson; Max Merritt; Bowie; Jefferson Starship; The Aliens; Sex Pistols in court.

RAM No. 107
Australian Tour Exclusive; Bob Marley in Jamaica; Roxy Music return in triumph; Sherbet; Bad Company; Marijuana Decriminalisation Movement; Rodriguez; Renee Geyer & Kevin Borich join forces; Iggy Pop; Razar; Toto; Romantics; Maria Muldaur; Stockley, See & Mason; Air Supply; Babys.

RAM No. 108
Blondie - face of marble, heart of glass; Angels - studio exclusive; Ian Dury; Graham Parker; Fawlty Towers Pt. 2; In defence of the doley; Tom Waits; The Reels; Sex Pistols; Bob Seger; Beach Boys; Bryan Ferry; Barry Mann; Radiators; Babys; John Cleese.

RAM No. 109
The 20th Century Dracula Obsession; Bob Marley; Joe Cocker; Marc Hunter; Cheap Trick; Boomtown Rats; U.F.O.; Vietnam Movies; Richard Clapton; Reels; Bob Welch; Skyhooks; Gang warfare in the U.S.A.; Contraband; Dots.

RAM No. 110
Dave Warner; Lou Reed bops Bowie; Lene Lovich; Magnificent Torment Sports The English Report Card; Sci-Fi movies; Overkill; Black Sabbath; Interview; Richard Clapton; Eric Gradman's Man & Machine; Gang Flicks; Mark Gillespie; Rod Stewart; Ian Dury; XL Capris.

RAM No. 111
David Bowie - new 'Lodger' album exclusive; Cold Chisel - tasting success; Thin Lizzy; Talking Heads; Rock Radio - the RAM Report; Ibanez Guitars reviewed; Ol '55; Matchbox; Max Merritt; Bob Dylan; Dragon; Asian Rock; X; Jo Jo Zep.

RAM No. 112
The Do It Yourself Ian Dury review; The Angels; Sports; The Babys; The Sydney explosion - 20 new bands head for the top; Rock on TV; Gerry Rafferty; Larry Norman; Led Zep; Lene Lovich; Tubes; Dragon; Sparks; X-Ray Spex; Bee Gees.

RAM No. 113
Mad Max - the Mel Gibson interview; Dire Straits; John McLaughlin; Midnight Oil; Melbourne bands; Oz radio; Talking Heads; Pop Muzik; Rickie Lee Jones; Bowie; Hello Sailor; Crossfire; Abba; Donna Summer; Movies; Books.

RAM No. 114
The Angels - the new centurians of rock'n'roll; Bryan Ferry; XTC; Keef Richards & Ron Wood - the New Barbarians; Dolly Parton; Flowers; Robert Palmer; Elvis Costello; Jimmy & The Boys; Australian Crawl; Pere Ubu; U.K. Devo; Patti Smith.

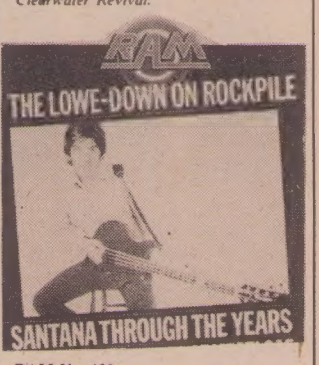
RAM No. 115
Cold Chisel - the fire that burns within; Silver Screen special; Brian Jones; Iggy Pop; Jo Jo Zep; Mental As Anything; Dr Feelgood; Lou Reed; Kiss; Joni Mitchell; Cars; Nick Lowe; Dave Edmunds; Peter Frampton.

RAM No. 116
Supertramp - schizophrenia in heaven; Kevin Borich; Nick Lowe & Dave Edmunds; Stars; Lowell George; Jon English; Mi-Sex; The Cars; Rex Smith; Films; Fleetwood Mac; Loaded Dice; Velvet Underground; Swanee; Movies.

RAM No. 117
Jimmy Page - comes in through the out door; Led Zeppelin - reviewed live in Copenhagen; XTC - fall in love in Oz; Comrades of War - Radio Birdman's last stand; Thin Lizzy; Chuck Berry; Cars; Numbers; Bushwackers; Siouxsie & The Banshees; Smokie.

RAM No. 118
Bob Dylan Exclusive new album preview; Led Zeppelin; Ian Dury; The Knack; Joe Jackson; Richard Clapton; Jerry Lee Lewis; The China Syndrome; LRB; Aliens; Street Talk; Mondo Rock.

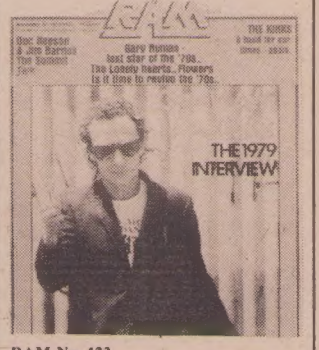
RAM No. 119
Joan Armatrading - [illegible]rating the privacy; Ry Coo[illegible]C/DC; The B-52's; Harry [illegible]a. The Hitmen; Russell Mo[illegible]dnight Oil; Jerry Lee Lewis; [illegible]ackers; LRB; Mi-Sex; Dugite. Voyager; Creedence Clearwater Revival.



RAM No. 120
The Lowe-Down on Rockpile; Santana through the years; the new adventures of Meatloaf; Radiators; Mi-Sex; Is there life after being Big in Oz Rock?; Van Morrison; Bob Dylan; Paul Kelly; The Reels; Whittle Family; Tactics; Western Flyer; Motels.

RAM No. 121
Cheap Trick - Sheer Magnificence; The Who - The Kids Are Alright; Swanee; Ry Cooder; Tom Verlaine; The Stranglers; Hello Sailor; The Bishops; Eddie Money; Kevin Coyne; Randy Newman; Lipstick Killers; Van Morrison; La Femme; The Jam.

RAM No. 122
Jon English - from Superstar back to rock roots; Blondie vs American Morality; The Boomtown Rats; Rockpile in Oz; Elton John thru the ages; Bruce Springsteen; Mondo Rock; Monty Python; Patti Smith.



RAM No. 123
Graham Parker - the 1979 interview; Status Quo; Stevie Wonder; AC/DC; Doc Neeson & Jim Barnes - the summit talk; Gary Numan; The Lonely Hearts; Flowers; Is it time to revive the '70s; Dave Warner; Ray Arnott; Models; Sneakers; The Heaters; Kinks.

RAM No. 124
Jo Jo Zep - at last the year of the Falcon; Mental As Anything; The Police; Mar Hunter interview; Monty Python's - Life Of Brian; Alien; The Members in Oz; Loaded Dice; Boomtown Rats; Little Feat; Th' Dudes; Manikins; Marc Bolan; Boston.

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ATTENTION: RED ALERT!

CROSSFIRE 11.17 Final hour.
Jobson and Anderson making notes.

FLYINGDALE FLYER 11.22. Final hour.
Anderson glances at sky. No signs as yet.

WORKING JOHN, WORKING JOE 11.28.
Final hour. Barre hard at it.

BLACK SUNDAY 11.36. Final hour.
Craney and Pegg swapping rhythms.
It's time to think about changing sides.

PROTECT AND SURVIVE 11.40. Final hour.
Red glow in sky. Warning lights flashing.
Anderson looks startled.

BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED 11.44. Final hour.
Jobson's keyboards run off the mains.
Switching to auxiliary power.

UNIFORM 11.48. Final hour. Jobson, Pegg, Craney, Barre & Anderson suited up.

4.W.D. (LOW RATIO) 11.52. Final hour. Motor running.
Steady rhythms. Barre monitors on headphones.
Signal clear.

THE PINE MARTEN'S JIG 11.56. Final hour. Something other than birds in the sky. Jobson marks reference.

AND FURTHER ON 12.00. Zero hour. Red alert.

PERSONNEL Ian Anderson, Martin Barre, Eddie Jobson, Dave Pegg & Mark Craney;
Collective noun:
JETHRO TULL

New Album

Chrysalis

"A" JETHRO TULL 37392

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